

THE  
CUNNING  
LOVERS:

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COMEDY:

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As it was Acted, with great Applause,  
by their Majesties Servants  
at the private House  
in *Drury Lane*.

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Written by  
ALEXANDER BROME, Gent.

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LONDON,  
Printed for *Will: Sheares*, at the Bible in *S. Pauls*  
Churchyard, neare the little North doore, 1654.



## The Names of the Actors.

**V** *Verona, the Duke of Verona.*

*Prospero, the Prince his Son.*

*Montecello, a Peere of Verona.*

*Embassadours from the Mantuan Duke.*

*Cosmo, a Lord of Verona.*

*Mantuan, the Duke of Mantua.*

*Clowder.*

*Florence, the Duke of Florence.*

*Ferrara, a Marquess.*

*Julio, a Mantuan Lord.*

*Kalemia, Daughter to the Mantuan Duke.*

*Dutchess.*

*A Smith.*

*A Mason.*

*A Bricklayer.*

*A Carpenter.*

*Pilgrim.*

*A Negromancer.*

*A Spanish Lady.*

*Bishop.*

*Duke of Verona's Army.*

ALEXANDER BROWN

LONDON  
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1777



# THE Cunning Lovers.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

*Enter Verona, Prospero, Montescalfe, Cosmo.*

*Ver.* **M**aturity and age have now at length  
Impos'd on me a carefull providence  
Both for my Dukedoms safety, & the good  
Of our most hopefull Son Prince *Prospero.*  
*Prof.* My Lord.

*Ver.* You grow to ripenesse, and my thoughts are fix'd  
To have you troth-plight to some noble wife,  
That in my aged yeares I may have comfort  
In your faire issue, I would have you marry.

*Prof.* Marry my Lord!

*Ver.* I, marry *Prospero.*

I have labour'd with a neighbour Prince, possess

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Of a faire Daughter, to confirme a match  
 Twixt thee and her, and 'tis concluded firmly;  
 Her name *Valentia*, the his only child,  
 By which a settled League grows twixt our Dukedomes,  
 And thou by this art the true hopefull Heire  
 Of both our rich and weakby Provinces:  
 Your answer.

*Prof.* I am free, my Lord, as th' uncurb'd aire,  
 That comes not within limit, as the light  
 That nothing can imprison. *Shall I truly*  
*Speake my own thoughts, and not dissemble with you?*  
 I that am free 'mongst men, and uncaptiv'd  
 To any, save the duty bound to you,  
 Am loath to make my telfe a womans slave,  
 Briefely, my Lord, I have no mind to marry.

*Ver.* Not marry boy? Oh, knew'st thou what a sweetnesse  
 And harmonic's in loves blest fellowship  
 Thou wouldst embrace it gladly; this blest union,  
 This true-loves knot the Gods themselves do tye,  
 And none but death dissolves. And what's Virginity?  
 A something-nothing, singularity  
 Unsociable, so slightly reckon'd of  
 That either Sex, but to thy number grown,  
 Has a desire to leave it; be perswaded boy;  
 Thou hast beheld the Picture, and it promises  
 A perfect Lady; hadst thou seen the substance  
 Thou wouldst condemne the workman for so scanting  
 Her rare comparelesse beauty. *Marriage,*  
*Why 'tis an honour, Emperours, Kings, and Princes,*  
*From the Pallace to the Cottage hold it sacred*  
*And in a high religious reverence.*

*Prof.* Well, my Lord, I will be steer'd by you;  
 Even through the turbulent Ocean of this life,  
 Where many dreadfull tempests threaten us,  
 I shall be swai'd by you, and entertaine  
 This sweet captivity,

*Ver.* Then art thou wise ——— the news.

*Flourish.*

*Mon.* Embassadors from *MANINA* crave admittance

*Touching*



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Touching affaires of State.

*Ver.* Admit'em——

*Enter Embassadors.*

Lords, your arrivall is in happy season;  
The marriage so long treated 'tween the Fathers  
Shall by the Children be confirmed at length,  
'Tis now on foot.

*Ew.* Your grace mistakes the tenour,  
And the strange purpose pur Embasie;  
The Prince our Master lets know by us  
That your alliance highly he disdaines,  
Contemnes your love and neere affinity,  
And for just reasons, to himselfe best known,  
Desires your opposition; for the marriage  
Treated between you, esteemes his Daughter  
Much undervalued, and not rated truly  
To her best worth.

*Ver.* Pause Lord Embassador,

So high hath thy words incer s'd our spleene,  
And set so just an edge upon our wrath  
That we want patience to bestow an eare  
Unto thy harsh conclusion: Tell thy Lord,  
We did not so much over-prize his love  
As here his hate held in the basest scorne;  
Nor can he so much undervalue us

*As we his Contracts and Confederacy;*  
And for thy self-presumptuous Mantuan Lord,  
We favour thee to let thee undigrac'd  
Depart our Court, be gone without reply,  
Not Mantuan, but Mantua we desire.

*Emb.* Let me conclude my Message.

*Ver.* Convey him hence;

Disdaine our fellowship! Mantua shall know  
His state shall lessen whilst our glories grow.

*Prof.* I, but my Lord, I hope the match is not broke off  
Betwene me and the faire *Valentia*.

*Ver.* Oh boy, didst thou but know what marriage were,  
How full of troubles and contentions,  
Thou wouldst forgo it gladly; who that's free

Would be confin'd to base Effeminacy?

*Pro.* But that which hath made in me the deepest impression  
Is the rare Picture of the Lady *Valentia*.

*Ver.* The Painter flattered her, in having her  
Thou hast a painted Mistress, of her selfe  
The Lady is misshapen and deformed.

*Prof.* Nay, take me with you, my Lord,  
I have beheld her Picture, and it promises  
A perfect Lady; had I seen the substance  
I should condemne the workman for so scanting  
Her rare comparelesse beauty; these were your own words,  
My Lord, or I much misunderstood them.

*Mon.* They were indeed, my Lord, I am witness to them.

*Pro.* Well since your Grace has no purpose to have me marry,  
Shall I have your best furtherance to travell?

*Ver.* Yes, any thing to weare out the remembrance  
Of *Mantua's* Daughter.

*Mont.* Another boone, my Lord.

*Ver.* What's that Cox?

*Mont.* That I may be his Partner in his travell, his associate  
To beare him company, nothing else my Lord.

*Ver.* Have your desires.

*Prof.* I embrace your fellowship.  
Ile travell, but whither? to have a sight of the faire *Valentia*,  
There shall be the period of my Voyage;  
What though her Father and mine be opposites, she and I  
May happily agree well enough when we meet together.

*Mont.* My Lord, what limit shall we have to play the wan-  
dring Knights in? Or how long shall it be ere we set forward  
on our Journey? We were best go well provided, for we must  
see *Spain*, *France*, and *England* ere we returne.

*Ver.* Some ten daies hence you shall set forward,  
Your stay hath a yeares limit.

*Prof.* Then come, faire Cox, we must provide our selves;  
Her Picture's lovely, and it much contents,  
And I must see the face that it presents.

*Ver.* Your youths cannot outstrip my gravity,  
I have you boyes, and aime at your intents.

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This cunning suit for travell is a solecism  
To some cloie practice to deceive my age;  
But I shall wind them both, *Cosmo.*

*Cos.* My Lord.

*Ver.* The mannage of our State we leave to thee  
Whom we know wise and gravely provident;  
Our purpose is to chafe these travellers,  
Whole voyage we mistrust.

*Cos.* 'Tis dangerous  
Unto your noble person, full of hazard  
And doubtfull perill.

*Ver.* I am confident,  
Diswade me not, for my intent is fixt;  
In some suspectlesse shape Ile after them,  
And sound the inmost of their thoughts, yet passe unknown;  
*Cosmo* regard your charge whilst I provide, *Flourish.*  
To find that craft they with such cunning hide. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Mantua, Embassadors, and Clowne.*

*Man.* You have breath'd defiance then.

*Emb.* I have my Lord.

*Man.* And how did he receive it?

*Emb.* With such scorne  
And proud contempt, that with far greater spleene  
He threatned us than we could menace him.

*Man.* No matter, this late difference please th us,  
You have demean'd your selfe even to our wish,  
Now leave us to our private meditations. *Exeunt. Em.*

Come hither Sirra, I repose in thee  
Much trust and much assured confidence,  
I have brought thee up of a youth boy, I have.

*Cl.* You have if it shall please your Grace.

*Man.* Thy Father was a good old servitor,  
I lov'd him well, I did, indeed I did,  
Beleeve it, for I did so.

*Cl.* I beleeve your Lordship without swearing.

*Man.* Thou knowst my Daughter should have been affed

Unto *Valentia's* Son Prince *Prospero*. I know thou knowst it.

*Clo.* I have had, if it please your Grace, such an inckling.

*Man.* But a difference since

Hath false betwixt us, may, in such a manner

That by our Leagers we have threatned war.

And war is like to ensue, to come to thee.

*Clo.* If it shall please your honour, to save you that labour  
and come to you.

*Man.* Conceive me, I will come to thee concerns thee.

Thou knowst how deeply I affect my Daughter.

I, and how deeply I affect my Gold.

Speake, did I ever yet part with one peece

To guerdon thee, a signe I lov'd it well.

*Clo.* No, never, if it shall please your honour.

He do you right in that, you ever lov'd me so well, as give me any thing.

I have ever heard you reported for an overous and niggardly

noble Gentleman as ever bore sway here, you are one of the

most close-fisted Carpenters that ever bore rule in *Manina*.

*Man.* To keep my Daughter that she marry not,

By which I likewise may reserve his dowry.

I have devis'd this opposition

'Twene *Valentia* and Prince *Prospero*

More Sutors are now resident in Court,

But to prevent them he devise a Tower

In which to shut my Daughter so impregnable

And full of dore, of which he keep the key,

That she in vaine shall strive to thrust out

Or they to enter in; this strong foundation

Is laid already, workmen are employ'd,

And all things promise prosperous successe

In this employment that shall have charge,

An overseers place, bechold how close

Simple but sure of faith: what trust thy reach

As far from craft as cunning, truly honest

Because not over wise.

*Clo.* I must excuse your Lordship, I may have a pair of

Chopern, or some high Cork'd shoes, or else I shall never

play

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play the overseer well; or if your Lordship will allow me but a Ladder, I warrant you I will oversee your workmen.

*Man.* No more, there shall be order from our Treasury  
To furnish this rich building—

*Enter Florence, Ferrara, Julie, Valentin, and Dutchesse.*

Welcome Lords.

*Fer.* Our welcome would shew better,  
If we could heare it from the Ladies.

*Flo.* They come well that speed well, if we could find our  
selves well sped, then we should not doubt to presume we were  
well-come.

*Man.* Lord *Julie*, are the toyles prepar'd and set  
for our appointed game?

*Inf.* They are my Lord.

*Man.* Then Princes we devote this day to pastime  
And chasing of the Sex, these beauteous Ladies,  
That must this day take leave of liberty,  
Shall in our sport associate us; *Valentin*,  
And you most beauteous, and my dearest Love,  
I here protest my selfe your Guardian,  
Hoping to see you, ere two months expire.

The *Mantuan* Dutchesse.

*Dutch.* I hope no such matter, but my Lord,  
Am I your Deare, as you proclaim me?

*Man.* My dearest Deare.

*Dutch.* Then being in the chain I shall seare in the burning;  
To come neare you.

*Man.* Your reason I sweare.

*Dutch.* Left being your Deare you should strike me.

*Man.* Still is this Lady cross to my desires,  
But time may worke her; Daughter, mount your Steed,

And Lords to horse, the morning grows upon us,  
And steales towards midde of day.

*Fal.* We but attend

Your Highnesse company.

*Flo.* Lady, this day I will not start from your side.

*Fal.* You?

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*Val.* You'l be worle to me than a fitch then.

*Fer.* Nor will I leave you Lady.

*Dutch.* And yet you shall have free leave to leave me when you please.

*Man.* We trifle houres, sound out your bugles in  
And the thick aire with pleasing echoes fill. *Exeunt.*

*Int.* To ring thy knell, for this day thou art doom'd  
To perish by the hand of *Julia* — *Hornes.*  
The *Manian* Prince

Is now upon the Chase, I heare the cry,  
But ere the stagg fall the proud Duke must dye. *Exit.*

*Enter Prospero, and Montecello.*

*Prof.* Hark! what a shrill applause doth welcome us  
Unto the *Manian* Confines.

*Mon.* It seemes the Duke or some of his traine  
Are in the Forrest chasing some game;  
Nay, it must needs be so of necessity, they would not else make  
This noyse unless they were all hornes-mad.

*Prof.* If I should come a wooing, noble Cox,  
I should prelage the Musick of these hornes  
Might, to my future match, prove ominous;  
But now let's mixe our selves amidst the Traine,  
And see what faire adventure may befall us.

*Mon.* Sever our selves, it may be that sweet face  
Your Father prais'd may meet us in the Chase.

*Prof.* I like well this division, come let's part,  
And let's be henceforth strangers, thus condition'd,  
The first that can prefer himselfe, or service  
Unto the Duke, or gaine his soveraign's grace  
Shall for his friend provide some eminent place.

*Mon.* I am pleas'd my Lord, then come let's mount away,  
The morning's old, and we shall lose much day. *Exeunt. (Hornes.)*

*Enter Julia with a Disguize.*

*Int.* With these *Italian* tricks villaines oft maske  
Their grim bloud-thirsty fronts, and when they purpose  
To act some horrid murder, it preverted,  
Thus passe unknown, these bought I of a Jew,  
A fellow that professeth villaine;

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He dog the Duke, whom if I can but single,  
Or light on from his Traine, be thus, it is done,  
The Dukedome seild, and faire *Falsteaf* wonnes,  
Auspicious hell I thanke thee, thou art still  
True to black deeds, and friend to such as kill.

Enter *Man*.

*Man*. My horse hath fail'd me, and I forc'd on foot  
To lag behind, my Traine have left me all,  
Led by the musick of so faire a Cry.

*Jn*. To find a place where thou maist fully dye.

*Man*. Who named death to me?

*Jn*. One whose powerfull hand  
Shall guide thy Dukedome, Daughter, and thy Land,  
And at one blow gaine all.

Enter *Proffers*.

*Pro*. And we to night,  
The slave that threaten'd death himselfe shall dye.

*Jn*. Prevented.

*Pro*. Courage, my Lord, the traitorous groomes is fled,  
And you ingirt with safety.

*Man*. Noble stranger,

The life thou hast given me shall be ever thine,  
And thanke the stars that brought thee to my rescue,  
They giv'd thee a great fortune, thou hast sav'd  
The *Mantuan* Duke from death.

*Pro*. Are you, my Lord,

The noble *Mantuan* Prince? what Traitors hand  
Durst threat your life?

*Man*. I know not, gentle sir,  
But for your selfe thus much precome from me,  
You shall be ever ours, to name more deare,  
By whom I am freed from treason, death and tear.

Enter *Isid*, *Elvira*, *Fernando*, *Valencia*, *Duchesse*,  
and *Manuel*.

*Jn*. This way, my Lords, I saw the Duke in perill,  
Aongly slave, his secondly Visant.

C

Alard



## The Canning Lovers.

Assail'd the Duke, and with his weapon drawn  
Fled through the Forest, I pursued the Traitor most to do  
Whilest I had breath, but fear and guilt of conscience  
Gave his speed wings; but see my Lords in safety,  
Whose welfare I assure thus on my knees,  
Glad in my soule that he from death is free.

*Val.* My Father threatned I shall be this faire hand  
That wrought his safety.

*Adm.* Thanke this Gentleman, hee by whom I live,  
This noble youth, tis he by whom I live,  
Never so neare my death, never so neere it,  
So mortall men are still when least they feare it.

*Val.* Oh do but tell me, thine eyes would see,  
How I may shew me thankfull to your love,  
Whole noble hand preserv'd my fathers life.

*Pro.* Madam, your grace, your favour and good thought  
Are gifts above my merit.

*Flo.* Stranger, thou hast wonne the opinion and suffrage of  
the whole Court, and bound the Prince of Florence to be thy  
gratefull debtor.

*Fer.* We made hast  
To the Dukes rescue, but it was thy fate  
Our valours to prevent, we came too late.

*Duch.* Yet did Lord *Filio*, with what speed he might, haste  
us to this great danger.

*Iul.* 'Twas my duty  
And service to my Lord, whom thus to see  
Secur'd from death glads, almost frantique me;  
Legs for my life I thinke, and thou my legs  
For making up this broken flow againe.

*Adm.* We thanke you *Iulio*, chiefly you faire *Admirall*,  
Whom for your service we will raise to Court,  
And breast next our most deare *Valentia*,  
But she before the Tower shut with twelve doors,  
And this the last day of her liberty,  
That's our next businesse; once more welcome fir,  
Attend on our Count, our happy day  
Hath given me safety, and deliver'd thy Dame.

*Pro.* Oh



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*Pro.* Oh faire *Valentia*!

*Mrs.* My Lord, if you had been less than a Prince, yet you have wrought your selfe into grace.

*Pro.* Here set a period to our travels, make a full point here.

*Mrs.* And that, my Lord, is the full end of a sentence, but shall we give over travell till we have seen something worth seeing.

*Pro.* Worth seeing say'st thou? what's *Valentia*?

Travell from Pole to Pole, stand at the Center

And progresse round about the *Aquarius* signes.

Or, were it possible, sit with the Sun

In his high noon, side glory, and from thence

Survey the Kingdomes of this lower world,

Thou canst not find her march, *Apollo's* haire

Is dull to hers, her fingers, hand, eye, front.

*Mrs.* Take me with you my Lord: This marvellous thing you call her beauty, is it ought but ordinary flesh and blood? Are those gold wiry haire with which *Apollo* might go string his Harpe, are they ought but the plaine haire of her head? Her Ivory palme, that dech in touching melt, embroidered with blew artires, is it ought but a Ladies hand and fingers? And this strange thing, this wonder of the world, whole peare cannot be found betwene the Poles, are not all these nine wonders in one, she that was here even now, the Dukes Daughter *Valentia*?

*Pro.* Oh my deare *Mauressa*, this I know,

But such an admiration hath surpriz'd

The freedom of my senses, that it robs me

Of my true judgement.

*Mrs.* Heav'n'd by me: you love this Lady, but so strict is like to be her imprisonment, that you may as easily pass by the gates that *Cerberus* keeps, as through the doores of this Castle; you are already in love with the Duke, do but perswade me to be overseer of the works, if I do not make it so that I will bring you to oversee her, I will see you out of my office as one not worthy the name of an Architect.

*Pro.* I shall command that for a new wall build a such great structures, it may be the Duke

May trust me on my word.

*Man.* And if I do not make him dote as much on you for your valour, as you make him enamour'd on me for my skill in building, may this Tower turne to the Tower of Babel, and make a second confusion betweene us; there remains for you nothing but this, to winne the favour of the Lady; and for your access to her, if I do not teach you to counterfeit all the Dukes keyes, turne by all the wards of his locks & lay open all the Iurie of his twelve doores that he hath pannel'd against your entrance; report me to be no man of my trade. Away my Lord; leave this melancholly, walke by her window, and cast sleepe eyes that way towards her Chamber, let me alone to stand Certainell and watch if the Duke comes.

*Enter Clown, a Smith, a Mason, a Bricklayer, a Carpenter*

*Cl.* Come on my masters, the Duke has appointed me to be Overseer of his workes, the building of this Tower is put to my indiscretion; therefore come every one of you, and from me take your directions; what are you?

*Ma.* I am a free Mason, and expert in squaring Stone.

*Cl.* A good proper square fellow, if your trade be in Stone, I make no question but you will worke hard.

*Ma.* I warrant you I'll do my endeavour; will you give us directions?

*Cl.* First you must make a faire large post at the entrie.

*Ma.* I warrant you I'll make a large porch that any Lady shall go in and out at pleasure.

*Cl.* To see how you mistake; you must make it that no body can go in and out at pleasure but only my Ladie, it must be too wide for any that's less than mee, and too strait for any that's greater than mee; you conceive me?

*Oh sir, tis not possible.*

*Cl.* Tell not me of possible, such directions I had, and such an one I must have master. Then must I have faire bay windows that must alwayes stand open and give no light, that they that stand without and looke in may see no body within, and she that stands within and looke out may see no body without; the

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reason is, my Lord meanes to keep his daughter in that Tower, where she must neither see nor be seen.

*Ma.* Then none must offer to looke out from the inside, nor in from the outside, else 'tis not within the compasse of workmanship.

*Cls.* Tell not me of workmanship, such windows I must have made: Now Carpenter for you, you must make the doores of that fashion that women may go in but men may not, and they must be of such wood as will not let a Lover come neare it, for my Lord will have no Lovers come neare his Castle.

*Car.* Then you must have some body to keep them out; here are wise directions!

*Cls.* For yongoodman Padlock, you must hammer out your Locks and Keyes with such Art, that if the Duke, or any from him, offer to open, the Key may turne at pleasure, but if any Lover or insipitious person cometo enter, *Non sum non possum, non Licet esse Domus.*

*Smr.* That's as much as to say, they must have no entrance there.

*Cls.* Smith, you have hit the naile on the head: What's your place?

*Brick.* I have the charge of the brick-works, and must build the Chimnies if you would give me directions.

*Cls.* Marry will I sir, you must have a speciall regard in your Chimneys that they cast heat, though there be no fire in them, and the Kitchen Chimney especially must every meals yeeld rost meat without sending to market, and so to worke for a spurt, and after merrily to dinner.

*Owner.* A good motion.

*Exeunt.*

ACT 3

ACT

## ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter *Mantuan, Florence, Ferrara, Iulia, and Prospera.*

*Man.* **H**Ave you given charge, Lord *Iulia*, that my Dutchesse  
Be nobly serv'd as her whom *Mantuan* loves?

*Iul.* I have my Lord.

*Man.* And that *Valencia* be inclin'd and shut  
From all her tutors eyes.

*Iul.* I gave such order.

*Man.* Enough now my Lords.

*Flo.* You give us faire words, but keep us from the sight of  
these faire Ladies.

*Man.* Soft and faire, soft and faire.

*Fer.* We know they are both soft and faire, and that's the  
reason we desire so much both to see and feeble them.

*Iul.* I would beneath the groundels of this Castle,  
By Miners craft, were plac'd some strong Peters,  
To which I would give fire and blow this structure  
Up into aire that prisons thus my Love;  
But *Iulia* peace, and some advantage wait  
To shew to her thy love, to him thy hate.

*Flo.* My Lord, I can compare you to none so rightly as to the  
King *Acrifus*, that shut up his Daughter *Damar* in a brazen  
Tower, but you know the end of it; there was a *Jupiter* that  
with a golden pick-lock brake through those brazen gates, and  
made the maid a mother. Now if  
I were to choose a godhead, of all the gods that are  
Would I, for her sake, wish to be a *Jupiter*.

*Man.* For men to be gods it were a wonder,  
You *Jews*, and neither have his power nor thunder?

*Fer.* Shall I baile her my Lord? He put you in good security.

*Man.* But not in better security than I have put her in already,  
Yet better would do well; oh for a man

Skilfull

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Skilfull in Architecture, and composing  
Strong frames and formes of building.

*Pro.* Now's my question,

My Lord, there is a stranger in your Court  
Whose outside though it promise not much Art,  
Yet is he so ingenious, and so apt,  
Of such opinion and direction too,  
That could you win him to be so employ'd,  
As we shall hardly, for men excellent  
Are curious of their skill, you cannot find  
A man to match his skill in Italy.

*Man.* Thou wert I see, faire Knight, mark'd in thy Challe,  
To do me all good offices, bring that man  
To my employment, I will guerdon him  
With more than he can aske.

*Pro.* I, but my Lord,  
He is a man alwaies so absolute,  
And stands so much upon his excellences  
In fine contriving and rare edifices  
We shall have much ado to win him to't — *Ent. Man.*  
Here comes the man.

*Man.* Sir, your due praise hath, like a harbinger,  
Gone all the way before you to provide you  
A place in my regard, you are most welcome,  
You have not seen my Castle?

*Man.* Yes my Lord, I have perus'd it.

*Man.* What thinke you of the worke?

*Man.* 'Tis pretty, pretty;

'Tis well see moderne builders, homebred workmen,  
'Twill serve: Yet let me tell you, worthy Lord,  
They never look'd on high *Mausolus* Tombe,  
Never beheld a Grecian Pyramid,  
Rich *Craesus* house at *Rome*, *Dionys* Temple  
At *Ephesus*, nor the grand City *Cairo*,  
'Tis well for them that are no travellers;  
Saw you me draw a forme, or a fine modell,  
The Fabrick greatly would enameur you,  
But yet 'tis well enough, pretty, not famous;

*Man.* Shall

*Man.* Shall I entreat you to direct my workmen, at Uffind?  
And I will weigh your paines down with reward.

*Mon.* Your Tower as 'tis, my Lord, will serve the turne,  
Is finely seated, and to keepe your Daughter  
Close from the eyes of strangers, well contriv'd,  
Yet could I by a plot, but why should I  
Engage me in such worke? 'tis well already,  
Well, very well.

*Man.* You can contrive it better, noble stranger;  
Make triall of my bounty, by mine honour  
It shall not faile your hopes.

*Pro.* Did not I tell you at the first, my Lord,  
He would be wondrous dainty of his cunning?

*Man.* So most men are in things they best excell;  
Shall I prevaile faire sir?

*Mon.* Well, I am wonne  
To end that frame your workmen have begun,  
I have perus'd the situation,  
Find it secure and full of able trust,  
Yet one defect I find: Could you pick out  
Some noble Knight, whose valour did exceed,  
To build for him a Lodging neare that Tower  
Where faire *Valentia* is to live enclos'd,  
He, as a Guardian, or a Centinell,  
Might keep continuall watch, defend the passage,  
And keepe the place strong and impregnable?

*Man.* Where should I find a man worthy that place,  
Whose valour might supply this my employment?

*Jul.* Let me engage my person to that business.

*Flo.* Accept of me my Lord, Ile be her Guardian.

*Fer.* Let the *Ferrara* Marquess be employ'd  
In this adventure.

*Man.* List to me my Lord:  
'Mongst other quests, once as I travell'd *Greece*,  
There, at the sack of a most famous towne,  
I saw a Knight, now resident in Court,  
Do such high deeds of Armes, that living *Hector*,  
Had he surviv'd to see his Chivalry,

Would

Would from the Worthies mine have rais'd his name;  
To have eterniz'd him with golden fame.

*Man.* In our Court resident?

*Man.* Yes, that strange Knight,  
What wonders have I seen him do in fight?  
Would he attempt it, all the plot were iure,  
Your Selfe, your Daughter, and your Tower secure;  
But you shall hardly win him to attempt.

*Man.* That he is valiant I must needs confesse  
To my lives safeguard I have prov'd no lesse;  
Oh every way my friend; renowned Souldier,  
Pardon me that I have not done you honour  
Worthy your high deserts.

*Pro.* Alas my Lord.

*Man.* My eares are deafe unto excuse, and shut  
Gainst all deniall.

*Pro.* I am exceeding loath.

*Man.* I shall deserve it, noble Gentleman,  
I must not be deni'd, this skillfull stranger  
Shall cause my workmen build you a faire Lodging  
Next to the Castle, and adjoining close  
Unto my Daughters Chamber: this is all,  
Can you deny me this?

*Pro.* Your former honours  
Bestow'd so largely on my meane deserts  
Have been with me prevailing Oratours  
Upon your part, and I at length agree  
This skillfull Artist shall dispose of me.

*Int.* Again prevented.

*Man.* On all sides happy, fortunate, and blest,  
Now my disturb'd thoughts attaine true rest,  
Only one bar unto my best desires  
Is the intire affection and true paine  
I beare the beaustious Dutchesse.

*Pro.* Oh my Lord,  
You have entertain'd the most affecting wooer  
In *Europe*, or the world, therein he's better  
Than in his Architecture, he's but young.



Yet *Till*, ne've had such a fluent tongue.

*Man.* Hem'd in with all felicities about,  
Having these helps what need I now misdoubt?  
You shall fir beare from me most kind commends.

*Man.* Who, I my Lord? Alas,

*Man.* Come fir, you shall  
Unto the beauteous Dutcheffe whom I love.

*Man.* You do not know my weaknesse.

*Man.* You are strong

In your acute words, and prais'd for your sweet tongue,  
A token I will send by you, that give her,  
And in your own sweet words my love deliver.

*Man.* If need's Ile do't my Lord: upon my life  
The provident Duke has found me out a wife.

*Man.* Follow us Lords, I am full of second mirth,  
My feares are dead, my joyes receive new birth. *Exit.*

*Man.* Now Prince, was not this wrought out of *Adamas*?

*Prof.* But what's the marke that all the severall arrows shoot  
at?

*Man.* This is the marke: marke it, I am made chiefe over-  
seer of the worke, and your Lodging is directly against the  
Chamber of the Lady: Now will I appoint a private doore to  
be made through the wall, by and through which you may have  
accesse, ingresse and regresse at your pleasure.

*Pro.* Thou hast builded in my heart a Tower already  
Of steady and firme hope:

*Man.* Take my word I am excellent at Architecture.

*Prof.* But touching thy employment with the Dutcheffe,  
Art thou so mad to wone her for the Duke?

*Man.* Yes, I will set him out in his lively colours, deale you  
as fondly with the maid as I will worke with the widdow, and  
I doubt not but we shall both live to be in the bellie where are  
no Cuckolds but Batchelours, our stay is suspitious, be it your  
charge to hire —

A workman to make the private dore through the wall,  
And leave it to my wit to cover all.

*Pro.* That be my care;  
Thou wooest a widdow, but I court a maid.



## The Cunning Lovers,

19

The way thou tread'st is easie, broad, and free,  
But mine is strait, and danger ushers me.

*Exit.*

*Enter Verona like a Pilgrims.*

*Ver.* No marvell though I've often went disguis'd,  
And in his rurall habit trac'd the earth  
To heare and see th' affaires of mortall men.  
I being a Prince have in these lowly weeds  
Seen more than being resident in Court;  
But I am now in Mantua, and thus far  
I have partiz'd my Son by common tract;  
The Duke and I are dangerously oppos'd,  
And therefore this disguise must shelter me;  
The Mantuan Court he now search ere I go  
For Montecelsi and my princely Son——

*Enter Cleop with a rule and line.*

*Cle.* Let me see, let me see, make a doore so broad, I, so broad,  
and thus wide; now onlesse I had the Lady here to take mea-  
sure of her 'tis impossible that ever I should make the doore fir,  
if a man take a thing in hand, it is for his credit to do it worke-  
man like; now if I should make the doore too streight to pinch  
her body, or too wide to fit upon her like a sack, what credit  
should I have by my workmanship?

*Ver.* Heaven save you fir.

*Cle.* *Et in quoque* my friend; let me see, let me see, now  
have I forgotten whether the doore must be made for her to  
come thus, with her armes broad waies, Pilcher-fashion, and a  
kembo; or thus side-waies, like a shotten herring.

*Ver.* Sir, without interruption to your businesse, shall I en-  
treat a few words with you.

*Cle.* Hold here, hold here a little, thus high, I, thus high, just  
thus high; but now my friend, if I should make it just thus high  
according to my measure, and then the party being yet but  
young should grow higher, there were all the labour cast away;  
come, come, I must have a new measure.

*Ver.* Sir, what means this? I understand it not,  
Pray let me aske you but one question.

*Cle.* Hold againe, hold againe, say my friend I make it of this  
breadth according to my measure, just to a haire, very good my

D a

friend

friend, but now the party being yet but leane that it should be made for, say the party hereafter grow fat, or as the Fox that when his belly was empty crept through a small hole into a hen-roost, and there fill'd his belly so full, that when he should come out againe, there was no roome; Colon was grown so great, and so poore *Reynold* was taken in the manner, no, my friend, this must not be.

*Ver.* I pray sir to what end take you this measure?

*Col.* Why, my friend, because I would do nothing out of measure, I hope you have not plaid the old eaves dropper.

*Ver.* No sir, but if your chiefe affaires be ended, Let me discourse with you.

*Col.* My friend, as you have lent a hand to my Line, so will I lend an eare to your tale.

*Ver.* What's the best news in Court?

*Col.* Troth sir nothing but this, that the Prince is magnanimous, the Courtiers egregious, the Ladies beauntious, the place conspicuous, and the building in hand most sumptuous.

*Ver.* What strangers sojourne there, what men of note?

*Col.* Troth sir there are only two, one is most brave at models and buildings, and hath undertaken a most brave peece of worke.

*Ver.* That's not my Son, he never studied that, No, nor his friend.

*Col.* But there is another, the finest sweet-fac'd Gentleman, that sav'd the Dukes life in the Forrest, if you know not that you know nothing, if you know not him you know no body.

*Ver.* What manner of man is he?

*Col.* A most dainty man, much of my size, he hath a most leering lip and tempting eye, there is only this difference between us, for you would take us to be brothers, but that he has more haire than I, and I more wit than he; Father, you are not worthy to be held a good Subject, if you love not him that had like to have kill'd him that would have kill'd the Duke, he hath set me about this peece of work here, let me see, this block-head of mine will never bring it to any purpose — *Ent. Pros.* Oh here comes the Gentleman.

*Ver.* He interpose himselfe and save the Duke!

*That*

# The Cunning Lovers.

21

That looke, that face, that gesture is my Son.

*Pro.* Oh well incounter'd, tell me honest fellow,  
Hast thou dispatch'd the close and secret doore?

*Clo.* Not yet my Lord.

*Pro.* What dost thou with that Line?

*Clo.* I am staying here, that if she should come down this way,  
I may take measure of her to make the doore fit for her body.

*Pro.* Away you asse, thou wilt betray my purpose,  
But firrah on your life use secreasie,  
And with all speed dispatch it; but what's he?

*Clo.* A Fellow that wonders so young a Gentleman as  
your selfe should take the Dukes quarrell in hand, and save him  
from the sword of a Traitor.

*Ver.* 'Tis *Peaslers* my Son, shape, gate, and voice,  
To heare his valour prais'd how I reioice.

*Pro.* This fellow at a blush looks like my Father,  
Such settled gravity lives in his eye;  
Nor is there wanting ought save power and state,  
Attended with the royall name of Duke  
To make him the same man; but I digresse;  
Come to your private taske, firrah be secret,  
Or thy life paises for't.

*Clo.* I warrant you fir, I would be as loath to hazard my neck,  
as you the Dukes favour, his favour once lost may be got againe;  
but my neck once broke, Ile not trust all the bone-setters in  
*Adams* to have it new set; feare not me.

*Pro.* This aged man is still tost in my thoughts,  
And ever as I cast a look on him,  
His face grows more familiar with my eye;  
But to our taske in hand, why do we stay?  
His cloath of state cannot be turn'd to gray.

*Ver.* Is this your travell son? Oh heaven to see  
The folliet and the vaine delights of youth,  
How headstrong, and how full of violence!  
Why should he take this way? why sojourne here,  
Within my enemies Court? If to revenge  
My injuries, why did he rescue him?  
Oh mine own Boy!

# The Cunning Lovers.

I must commend thee yet that couldst win love  
Even of thy enemies, and honour'd fame  
Amongst those, that if they knew thee, hate thy name;  
He listen further till some fate bewray  
The full intent of his enforced stay. *Exit.*

*Enter Monscelso.*  
*Mon.* My Daughter is securely clos'd and shut  
In my new Turret, and the noble Knight,  
As her bold guardian, hath his place assign'd,  
Those feares have end; now to my fate in hand,  
The stranger whom so late I entertain'd  
Is my solicitor, and is directed  
To meet and court the Dutchesse in the garden,  
Where from this place I may behold their gestures,  
The manner of his courtship and conceits;  
How is my heart disturbed 'tween hope and feare.

*Enter Monscelso and Dutchesse.*  
Comfort cold spirit, they now methinks appeare.

*Mon.* The greatest instance of my love is, that I have given  
into your hands my liberty and life; my name is *Monscelso*,  
and that noble Gentleman that released the Duke Prince *Prosper*,  
Son to the Duke of *Verona*, it lies in you either to save me  
alone, or to destroy us both; give me no denial, sweet Lady, ra-  
ther kill me than disclose me to the Duke, so shall you lessen  
the supposition of your cruelty.

*Dutch.* In that you are a stranger, I can no lesse in conscience,  
nor more in modesty than to say you are welcome, though I have  
been trusted by many, I never betrayed any, I could call you rash  
to trust so rich a Jewel as your life unto the breast of a woman, but  
though you be so over-bold to presume upon me, I will not prove  
so over-cruell to tyranning over you.

*Mon.* She talk'd a great long tale, and looke she spake,  
To her again, do not thus answer take,

*Mon.* Madam, by all the honours of a Gentleman, my love is  
as pure to you, and as free from blemish as is the element of fire,  
or the white robe of Innocence.

*Mon.* I know it is, I know it is.

*Dutch.* All the comfort I can give you is this, the life you  
have

have committed to me shall be kept for you, the love you have proffered to me I will ponder on, I will never marry till you are bestow'd, nor ever assume the name of wife till you meet with a Lady to call you husband.

*Man.* Give me your hand of that.

*Dutch.* I may well trust you with my hand that have trusted me with your heart.

*Man.* A match I hope, for see, they now joine hands,  
My heart for joy upon the tiptoe stands,  
Follow it now, strike whilst the Iron's hot,  
I ne're was pleas'd till now with a fine plot.

*Dutch.* But you forget in all this to speake for the Duke.

*Man.* Madam, 'tis true, I did forget my selfe. I must entreat you to thinke of him, but I do not entreat you to thinke well of him, as ill as you can possible; I beseech you love to be out of his sight in any case, and to love him best when he is farthest off: I would have you in all humillity to honour him, but I would not for a world have you to marry him; have I yet spoke for him sufficiently?

*Man.* Good, good, well spoken, and well acted too,  
He is not halfe so good to plot as weore.

*Dutch.* My Lord, the love we now celebrate betwixt our selves should once have been solemnized between our Parents, before these odds grew between the two Dukes.

*Man.* Though the Dukes be at odds, let us make even,  
Contrasts are made on earth, but seal'd in heaven;  
Madam, let the Dukes love be the colour to our meeting: I must go tell him the manner, for with much longing he expects my returne.

Once more let these our hands our hearts make sure,  
So thrive I as my love is chaste and pure.

*Exit.*

*Man.* Again, againe, faire fortune be thy speed,  
Once more joine hands, and then 'tis done indeed;  
I knew the good Knight would not choose a man  
That should not fit my purpose, heaven I pray  
His place may take effect the other way,  
And his intents as prosperously proceed;  
But I must hence to meet him with all speed.

*Exit.*

*Enter*

*Enter Valentin and Prospero alone.*

*Val.* You wrong mine honour, and I shall complain,  
I charge you get you back the way you came.

*Pro.* Banish me heaven if you exile me hence;  
My deed, though it seeme rash, yet is begot  
In as pure birth as truth, and as upright  
As is the scale of Justice; I am free  
From all mis-thoughts, then do not banish me.

*Val.* What are you fir? whence are you? what's your name?

*Pro.* I am your friend, should you desire to know  
What my name is, alas my name's your foe.

*Val.* Being my friend, and court me in this kind  
You should have come and left your name behind.

*Pro.* I should indeed, my name is *Prospero*.

*Val.* Prince *Prospero*, and the Duke *Veranda's* Son,  
Our profest Foe?

*Pro.* Give me some other name,  
Call me your friend and I am not the same.

*Val.* You are not the same, you are th' advent'rous Knight  
That from the Forrest-treason sav'd my Father.

*Pro.* I was Prince *Prospero* when I rescu'd him,  
And so continued till I saw your face,  
But as my heart within your eye was tost,  
At once my hatred and my name I lost.

*Val.* It was a kind foes part to save a foe.

*Pro.* That kind foes part perform'd Prince *Prospero*.

*Val.* Such a faire foe that no more hurt intends  
I should prefer before a many friends.

*Pro.* Lady, we should have been elpous'd together,  
But that our Fathers differ'd in the Dower;  
Shall Gold divorce them whom the soule of love  
Links in an endlesse knot? I for your love  
First hazarded my life to come disguis'd  
Only to view your face, next I contriv'd  
This private passage, known to none but us;  
If this deserve no love, no friendlie grace,  
Confine my life if banish me this place.

*Val.* If nothing but the rescue of my Father

Should

Should plead in your behalf; it deserves favour;  
But when your travell, and your fervent love,  
Attended with your feature and rare parts,  
Your shrewdness means to compass my consent  
And hazard of your fortunes many waies,  
When all these plead together forcible  
They draw me in a treble-folded chain  
Your zealous love to pay with love againe.

*Pro.* I left my name behind me at Verona,  
And now no more Prince Prospero but your Love;  
Wear this for me, and use in these affaires  
My art, feare not, I will devise a meanes  
To win your Fathers grant unto this match.

*Pa.* So we, my Lord, shall doubly be made friends,  
I take it as an earnest of your love,  
And hope of my release from this strict bondage;  
Accept of me in interchange this Ring.  
My Father gave it me, keep't from his eye.  
Or he will end our loves by jealousie——

*Pro.* As I have been, I will be firme and sure,  
Long may the date of our chaste love endure——

*Enter Isid. Florence, Ferrara.*

*Fls.* I prethee, sweet Marquesse, since my successe is so bad  
with the Dutchesse let's walke by the Dukes new edifice, and  
see if we can take a view of the young inclosed Lady.

*Fer.* Content my Lord, the Dukes strictnesse adds but spurs  
to my desire; for commonly what we are most forbid that still  
we most cover.

*Isid.* Then should you with some engine raze these walls  
That interdicts your passage to that Tower;  
Had I such power I should enjoy such thoughts,  
But *Isid* is a Subject.

*Fls.* Now you put me in mind of such generous and noble  
thoughts, let's take a view of the Castle, and spy where it is  
weakest, that there, if hereafter we should invade, we may  
give the best and safest assault.

*Fer.* Now you speake like a politike Lover, come let's take  
a view of the building: But see, see, do you know him that's  
talking



## The Cunning Lovers.

talking with the Princess Valinda.

*Fl.* Is't possible, He in and tell the Duke.

*Per.* Nay, leave me not behind, He second you.

*Int.* Int'reth Lad art good at that? you are a notable rascally, can you come to't

So cloiely is this your courage my courageous Knight?

He see how *Manina* applauds this fight.

*Val.* We are deserv'd my Lord, then post away.

Get through the private doore.

*Pro.* Feare not sweet Lady, He so blind their eyes,

That we will still live free from their surprize.

*Val.* Ten thousand times adieu, I am full of feare;

Where love inhabits danger still draws neerer.

## ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter *Manina*, and *Montecelso*.

*Man.* **A**LL is too good to be true, but tell me,  
And answer every word upon thy oath.

*Min.* Upon my oath I will.

*Man.* Then tell me, tell me,

Didst thou with all thy best prevailing words,

With all thy art, with all thy eloquence

Urge her to love? speake that upon thy oath.

*Min.* Upon my oath I did entreat her love;

With all my art, with all my eloquence.

*Man.* And did she grant thy lute?

*Min.* She did my Lord.

*Man.* Thou honest man, thrice happy be the hour

That I first met thee; now upon thy life

Tell me how speedst thou?

*Min.* Well upon my life.

*Man.* And will she love?

*Min.* She will.

*Man.* Thy



# The Cunning Lovers.

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*Man.* Thou hast her promise

*Man.* I have my Lord.

*Man.* But hast thou, as thou art a Gentleman

*Man.* As I am a Gentleman I have my Lord,  
I should be sorry else.

*Man.* Did thy word prosper, took thy suit effect

Will she be wonne to marry at thy motion

And did she give her hand unto the bargain.

*Man.* My sute and words were both effectfull,

She's wonne to marry, and I have her hand

As witness to the bargain.

*Man.* Friend, I swear that.

*Man.* Upon my life, my Lord, it is most true.

*Man.* 'Tis well, I thanke my stars.

*Man.* I thanke my stars too.

*Man.* I thanke thee too, but for thy industry

This thing had never chanc'd.

*Man.* Nay, that's most certaine,

Had I not took my time and ply'd it throughly,

I had never wonne her heart.

*Man.* But thou hast wonne it.

*Man.* I, I thanke heaven my Lord.

*Man.* And I thanke heaven my Lord.

*Man.* She hath past her word and her firme promise to me.

*Man.* It glads me at the heart, the very heart.

*Man.* Nor have I reason to be sorry for it.

*Man.* Once more I thanke thee friend.

*Man.* 'Tis not so much worth my Lord.

*Man.* That be my perill, lie 'bide the venture.

*Man.* You are like to do that howsoever.

*Man.* There's gold, grammercy friend, I am thy debtor,

This is but th' earnest of those rich rewards

Thou shalt receive from me.

*Man.* I thanke your grace,

And I protest I would not for a million

My labours had been fruitlesse, trust upon it,

The greatest time of all my sute is wonne,

Her heart, her hand, her free consent is wonne

To match with me.

*Man.* I thanke my fate 'tis so,  
But now about my other business friend,  
To looke unto my wifes, blest be the house  
I met thee first, but all is in heavens power.  
An honest and a faithfull Gentleman  
Upon my warrants, and I dare rely  
Upon his trust and certaine honesty.

*Enter Florence, Ferrando, Iulio.*

*Flo.* My Lord, you are wrong'd.

*Fer.* Disparag'd.

*Iul.* And disgrac'd.

*Flo.* I bring thee news, thy Castle is surpris'd.

*Fer.* Thy Fort is taken.

*Iul.* And your Daughter seiz'd.

*Man.* How may that be Lords? 'tis not possible.

*Flo.* I speake no more, my Lord, than what I saw.

*Fer.* What I beheld.

*Iul.* And what their eyes have seen.

*Flo.* That stranger Knight, in whom thou most affixt,  
I saw in a bay window court thy daughter.

*Iul.* Embrace her in his armes, and claime her wife.

*Fer.* She darting smiles at him, and the others.

*Man.* How did they blisfully change face, on ceas'd their Courtship,  
but stood as at the gaze.

*Man. Iulio, and Lords,*

You make me smile, have you so late receiv'd

The scituation, and observ'd the passages

And can you judge wis or the art of man

Can force access to them and use my keys?

Tush, you deceive yourselves.

*Enter Prospero.*  
Ha, ha, ha, come hither Knight and laugh with me

At their three follies, they would needs persuade me

They saw thee court my Daughter in her Chamber,

Where thou didst publicly discourse thy fill,

And yet these keys have at my girls still.

*Pro.* They did me the more wrong, I scale your Tower,  
It lies not in the search of humane power.

# The Camping Lover.

39

*Man.* I know it well, tush, while these legs hang here  
Were she faire *Diana*, I not *Jove* would faine.

*Pro.* You *Tower* is stronger than *Jerusalem* hold,  
Besides, I am not *Jove* to raine down gold.

*Flo.* Is't possible my eyes should deceive me?

*Fer.* Sure 'twas he, or the devil in his likeness.

*Isa.* There's in this some witchcraft.

*Pro.* You might as well say that you see this hand  
Reaching as high as unto yonder clouds.

*Man.* I should have seen that Ring upon that head  
Once in my Daughters Chamber; oh my heart  
Why dost thou make such visions with pale fears?

*Pro.* He hath spy'd the gift, and knows the Ring I wear.

*Man.* The same, the same, I will in and see  
The issue of my feares, twelve locks, twelve keys,  
And every doore too double-barr'd with iron,  
She in the inmost room walk'd round about,  
It cannot be, and yet the Ring I saw  
Urgeth my feares, and forceth me withdraw.

*Pro.* I know your shift and swift your speed prevents,  
But I delay; 'tis high time I were gone,  
Twelve dores the Duke must pass, and I but one.

*Flo.* Shall I not trust my eyes?

*Isa.* Though I were the devil, I would witness your.

*Fer.* It makes me pale my thoughts.

*Isa.* There's some strange juggling could we find it out;  
In all his acts you stranger let us rate,  
And if we can, make him some deeper disgrace.

*Val.* What hast thou done *Falasia*, given thy heart  
Unto a stranger, and thy Fathers foot?

I wrong the Prince, who with a heart inclin'd  
Pursues my spousall love with chaste desire;  
This match successfully begun, my more  
Our Fathers hard hearts to a League of love.

*Pro.* Wonder not *Madam* at my furious haste,  
Your Father on my finger spy'd the Ring,  
And knowing it, is gone by the town way,  
Make you may heare the doores.

*Val.* Oh my sweet friend, how I wish I could  
Haste through the hidden way, leave it to me. And show  
To excuse it, and restore his jealousie.

*Pro.* Adieu sweet Lady,  
Hark, hark the last doore.

*Val.* Deceit hath eyes behind, seems blind before—

*Enter Mantua.*

*Man.* What so sad Daughter?

*Val.* Not sad but solitary.

*Man.* I see no private passage, and my doores  
Ranke in their wonted order; puerbe Daughter,  
Shew me the Diamond I gave thee last.

*Val.* The Ring my Lord?

*Man.* I the Ring.

*Val.* Why, would your highnesse use it?

*Man.* She moves a doubt,  
I feare there's guile, and I must find it out.

*Val.* This is the Ring you meane.

*Man.* 'Tis the same;

Oh my own Girle, be my suspicious thoughts  
That you should lead me to these jealous feares,  
But Rings may be alike; my Deare, fare well,  
Thou shalt not long in this close prison dwell. *Exit.*

*Val.* So *Prospero* hath promis'd, and I'll rather  
Trust him than you, although you be my Father. *Exit.*

*Enter Julia and Verona.*

*Ver.* I have observ'd fix in your troubled looks  
Much discontentment; you seeme in your appearance  
To be some man of high and eminent place  
With the great *Mantuan* Duke.

*Jul.* What's that to thee?

*Ver.* Not much sir, yet out of a generous spirit  
In Pilgrims bred, such as I am profess, I  
I would some cordiall counsels willingly  
Bellow upon you, did I know your grieves.

*Jul.* I have in me a naturall melancholly;

I have long aim'd at greatness, but betweene me  
And that high point two strangers stand oppos'd.

Can't play the skillfull Surgeon.

*Ver.* Sir I can.

Travell hath taught me much, and though now poore,  
Yet in my better daies I have convers'd

In Courts of Princes; would you grace me then

But to prefer my service to the Duke,

I would not doubt but to remove those objects

That so offend your eyes; what are those strangers?

*In.* The one a young Knight that professeth Armes:

The other Architecture, both are frequent

In the Dukes care, and I, that in times past

Had all his bosome and his private thoughts,

Scarce now remember how his Chambers hang,

So seldome's my admittance.

*Ver.* Had you so much interest

In his past favours as to make my tongue

Free to his eare I would remove those flatterers,

And plant you in your first deserved grace;

But might I see these Gallants

*Enter Prospero and Montresor.*

*In.* Here they come;

The one I take to be a Conjuror,

The other his Familiar that he works with,

He shew thee reasons for't;

*Ver.* Observe them fir.

*Alon.* 'Tis true my Lord, this night the Dutcheß lies in the

Castle with the Lady *Valentia*, 'tis by the Dukes appointment,

because she may be a comfortable kind Companion to his

Daughter; now this night I have cast it so, that we will be merry

with them till past midnight.

*Pro.* But are the Ladies pleas'd it shall be so?

*Alon.* The bargain's made and seal'd firme with a kisse,

I set it fast upon the Dutcheß lips;

But come let's part till the appointed houre,

We must not be seen too familiar together.

*Pro.* Thou art my better Genius, I agree,

I have no good but what I reape from thee.

*Alon.* Farewel my Lord, only take heed of eare-droppers. *Ex.*

*Ver.* Did

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*Ver.* Did you heare that my Lord?

*Inf.* Yes, and it strikes cold unto my heart;  
Must they this night meet in *Valentin's Tower*?  
The Devill hath made them picklocks;

*Ver.* Patience sir,

*Inf.* Bid me be frantique, rather raine and curle; at midnight must they meet?

Enough, at that first houre *He rouse the Duke,*  
And put the Court in uproare, with his Guard  
Siege round the Tower, and take these *Inches*  
Midst their lascivious pastimes.

*Ver.* Heare me sir,

*Inf.* I am deafe to counsell, patience, grace and all,  
Till in their midnight rapes these strangers fall. *Exit.*

*Ver.* Oh were I now girl with a potent hoste  
Of mine owne people, and my selfe in Armes  
Engag'd unto his rescue, I could then  
Assure me of my noble Son againe,  
But I now feare his fall and ominous end,  
Whose help have men to heaven I must commend;  
Yet I le not hence, but note what shall ensue,  
Heaven heare my prayers, thou art to just men true. *Exit.*

*Enter Valentin and Dutchesse above.*

*Dutch.* Madam, this night devote your selfe to smirth, whilst  
your Father sleeps secure in his Palace, *Montcalfe* hath pro-  
mis'd to keepe his widdow waking; I assure you *Prince Pros-  
pers* will be here too instantly.

*Val.* He cannot come unlook'd for, nor unwith'd,  
So long as their intents are honorable,  
So long their welcome is unquestionable.

*Dutch.* Troth Madam we have exceedingly forgot our  
selves, we should have had a banquet to have entertained  
them.

*Val.* Methinkes 'tis better as 'tis without, for the same that  
should have been spent in sweet-meats to taste the *Palat*, shall  
be now spent in sweet discourse to relish the eare.

*Dutch.* Fie, how long they stay, this hour is as long as three  
houres, I have observ'd one thing in *Lower houses*, the more of  
their

their absence seems hugely too long, and the time when they are present is three to one too short.

*Val.* And three to one is odds, but you are an old woman.

*Dutch.* That makes me long so much for a husband to make me even; what not yet come, nor yet? if they stay a little longer, I shall go near to swoon thrice before they be ready to enter.

*Val.* No entrance if you love me.

*Dutch.* Yes at the private door——

*Enter Prospera and Montacello.*

*Pro.* Madam.

*Mon.* Lady.

*Dutch.* I imagine this night to be Saint *Valentine's* day, when every bird chooseth her mate, for that is the season when they couple; I am here.

*Pro.* And I here.

*Val.* And I am glad, my Lord, that you are here; yet I would be loath, my Lord, have my Father know that you are so.

*Pro.* That I am so teased, and you upon my knee.

*Val.* Upon my knees I beg that it may never come to his care.

*Mon.* Come, what shall's do?

*Dutch.* Say what you will my Lord, but do nothing I entreat you.

*Mon.* If we should do nothing, of that must necessary come ill, He prove it too; of doing nothing comes Idleness, of idleness comes no goodnesse, of no goodnesse necessary comes ill; therefore if we do nothing, of necessity we must do ill.

*Dutch.* How well, my Lord, you can infer ill; but, my Lord, if you should insist much in this argument, it were more to expresse your oratory than honesty; but my Lord, I know your virtues, and the opinion of them hath prepar'd you a most kind and loving welcome; we have nothing to entertaine you but words, and we can feast you with nothing but kisses; now you see your fare, fall to and welcome.

*Mon.* Madam, I could everlastingly feed here, and yet presume never to surfeit, I can but thanke you, and now I have given thanks, He even make bold to fall to.

*Val.* You



*Val.* You say you could find in your heart to offend my father;

*Pro.* I madam, so for my offence he would everlastingly confine me to this prison; why smile you Lady?

*Val.* To thinke if my father should steale upon you, and find you here, what a running picklock he would take you for; he would questionlesse thinke you carried a false key about you.

*Pro.* Tush, he hath made a Jury of twelve doores already to pass upon my cause, and they have all given my case up not guilty —

*Enter Florence Ferrara, Julius*

*Jul.* Where's the Dukes Guard?

*Flo.* Begirt the Castle round.

*Jul.* Her windows shine with lights like blazing stars.

*Fer.* There's in her Chamber sure.

*Exit.*

*Pro.* Heard you that Madam?

*Val.* We are betray'd.

*Men.* The Castle round beset.

*Dutch.* And hark, above I heare the Dukes keys, down the private way, and leave the excuse to us.

*Val.* Nay, when is y Lords?

*Mox.* This way my Lord, good night.

*Dutch.* Nay, stand not now on triviall Complements, The Duke's at hand.

*Pro.* Farewell, Ladies adieu.

*Exeunt.*

*Val.* Nay, if you love us leave us; Madam, how shall we answer this to the Duke?

*Dutch.* Now my apron strings if I had one on, Madam take your Chaire and counterfeite your selfe fast asleep, so will I, not a word now if you love me.

*Val.* Thy very words are better to me than a Physicall potion, for they have cast me into a sound sleep already; see I am fast —

*Enter Marina and Lords.*

*Mar.* Soft, make no noise, the Chamber's whilst and still, There's not so much aire stirring as would make The trembling Aspen shake, ha, fast asleep? Search round the Chamber.

*Flo.* I find no man here.

*Fer.* Here's naught but walls and Arras, and two Ladies

*In.*



In depth of sleep.

*Iul.* Let's wake them my Lord and question them.

*Man.* Not for thy head that hath deluded us,  
And to this shame and mockery rais'd the Court,  
Would I disturb them of a minutes rest;  
Thy envy unto such as we have rais'd  
For their desert in Court hath stretch'd it selfe  
Even to our high disturbance.

*Iul.* Hell and the furies,  
Am I againe deluded?

*Flo.* Fic Lord *Iulio*,  
To call us in a mockery from our beds!

*Fer.* Here to hunt shadows, sure the fellow dreamt.

*Flo.* Pray my Lord wake them, and resolve them how  
Lord *Iulio* hath posselt you.

*Man.* Pardon me,  
They both are charm'd in silence, and their senses  
Confus'd in innocent dreames; I oft have heard  
That what a man or woman waking thinks,  
If they be question'd in their depth of rest  
Their Genius or their soule will answer for them,  
As their affections or their hearts inclin'd;  
Of this Ile make a true and prosperous use,  
And sound them how their humours are dispos'd,  
And to my Daughter first, Lords stand apart,  
How sweetly doth my Gisle become her rust!  
How sound are her inspires! *Valentia*.

*Val.* My Lord.

*Man.* She answers me, now art thou happy *Manina*,  
For thou shalt sound the utmost of her thoughts;  
Whom doth my Daughter most affect on earth?

*Val.* I love none but my Father.

*Man.* Oh mine own gisle, and wouldst thou not have a husband?

*Val.* Ile live and dye a maid.

*Man.* There's no deceit in this, there's no dissembling,  
Shee cannot fludy for evasive shifts,  
I thank heaven I am resolv'd: now Dutcheffs

Your turne is next, Ile try how she likes me;  
What thinks the Dutcheſs of the *Maninam* Duke?

*Dutch.* As of a fine grave noble Gentleman.

*Man.* Now ſhe ſpeakes her heart; this is plaine dealing;  
And couldſt thou be content to marry him?

*Dutch.* That's my deſire.

*Man.* And live his noble Dutcheſs.

*Dutch.* I wiſh no better.

*Man.* Mine own;

Moſt ſweetly may you ſleep, and mightily dreame  
Of theſe poſitions, nor for halfe my Dukedome  
Would I diſturbe their quiet; come let's leave them,  
Nay pardon me, Ile ſee the Chamber cleer'd.

*Int.* Could I be poſſibly thus mock'd?

*Man.* Nay Gentlemen,

Ile be the Porter, ſee I keep the keyes  
Of theſe two Jewels that I moſt eſteeme;

*Ints.* beware hereafter you incur not  
Our wrath by theſe ſuggeſtions of untruths;  
Come Lords to bed. I counſell you the beſt,  
Goodnight my girles, and ſweetly may you reſt.

*Ex.*

*Dutch.* Are they gone wench?

*Val.* I, and ſo gone that till they have ſlept ſoundly, 'tis not  
poſſible to fetch them againe.

*Dutch.* Now *Eudymons* fortune upon them, that being once  
aſleep they may not wake againe this forty yeares.

*Val.* Was it not well apprehended of me to ſay I lov'd none  
but my Father?

*Dutch.* And was it not as well ſeconded of me to ſay in my  
ſleep I lov'd none but the Duke? Sure it muſt be in my ſleep if  
ever I lov'd him, for yet I could never endure him waking; but  
what ſhall's do?

*Val.* By my counſell let us even go to bed like loving bedfel-  
lows, and ſee if we can dreame of them that in time may be-  
come our loving bedfellows.

*Dutch.* With all my heart, now the Duke is confident of  
our affections, we may be the freer in the entertaining of thoſe  
whom we beſt affect; come, come, let's leave talking of this  
coun-ter-

counterfeit sleep, and see if we can take a nap in sadness.

*Val.* Content, and let all men learne thus much from us, that sleeping or waking 'tis hard to o're-reach a woman. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Montcelso.*

*Mon.* Yet all things go currant, if the Ladies were as nimble in their excuse as we were quick in our passage through the private doore, I hope neither the Duke nor any of his Court can any way trace us in our proceedings; some Lovers would think me a most happy creature to enjoy the love of so beautiful a Lady, and for ought I know I may be so; but I have made a Vow never to marry a wife, but first to make some perfect and sound triall of her affection towards me, but because there is no woman that loves a man living, but she will infinitely lament him dead, it shall be thought that I have drown'd my selfe, of which I will give the Court some assured instance, and afterwards living hereabouts in some odd disguise, I shall truly understand how she takes my death; if in any extremity of griete, I will revive her with as great a surplussage of joy; but if she take it coldly, as a business that little concerns her, Ile leave her to the mercy of him that bids fairest for her: and to my plot, I stay but for some company that may see me throw my selfe desperately into the River, heare my passion and report it—

*Enter Clowne.*

*Clow.* My worke and every thing belonging to the Dukes building being brought to some good pass, I will study how to pass the time, and for the better recreation of my duller spirits take a turne or two here by the Rivers side to contemplate of the beauty of my Mistris; for indeed I am lately false in love.

*Mon.* No fitter man in the world to be the reporter of my death than this Coxcombe.

*Clow.* Upon a morning when I rose to breakfast like a glutton, I don'd my doublet and my hose, and ate two legs of Mutton, Her bonny looks forget I not, nor teeth as white as amber, Her face did shine like pewter-pot belonging to the Chamber; My lovely Mistris I esp'd as she a milking went a, But oh me thought at every stride her smock that she had rent a; Full pale she look'd, for on her head a milk-paile was well placed, Her lips were white, her brows were red, her body was strait-laced;

But shall I now describe her legs, for I durst look no higher,  
She went as if she trod on eggs most softly through the mire.

*Mon.* Now to my passion.

*Clo.* But oh a place besides all these above both knees and  
thighs a,  
Which spring, as she look'd for fleas, did make my stomack  
rile a.

*Mon.* Let *Jove* threat thunder, or bright *Juno* scold,  
*Mars* threaten Armes, arm'd in *Cyclopien* Steele,  
He to my heels clap *Boreas* brazen wings,  
Or mounted on the back of *Mercury*  
With greater terror scale the Olimpick heavens,  
Then when the Giants muster'd here on earth,  
And darted mountaine tops at *Jupiter*.

*Clo.* What mad fellow's this? he hath driven me quite out of  
my meditations, pray heaven I fall not into his fegaries.

*Mon.* But oh my beaurious Dutchels, cause of this  
My frenzy, lunacy, rage, and despaire,  
I love thee dearly; yet becau'e my fervor  
Shall no way cros the noble *Mantuan* Duke,  
I am resolv'd to dye.

*Clo.* Of all the trades that are I love not this dying, poore  
Gentleman, would the Duke knew as much; but if love put a  
man into these perplexities, He take heed how I meddle with it,  
He e'ne shake hands with it, and part with it as it came.

*Mon.* Whom do I see, the Duke of *Mantuan's* Joy,  
She whose bright beauty enamours *Jove* himselfe,  
And makes him from his chrysell throne descend  
To 'bide with this faire mortal, thou art she.

*Clo.* Not I I assure you, I am a man and no woman, if you  
will not beleeve me, I have a warrant about me to shew.

*Mon.* Come, thou art she, wilt thou dissemble love?

*Clo.* I am not she, looke here I have a beard.

*Mon.* 'Tis but the perriwig false from thy temples,  
And staies upon thy Chinn, thou art my Dutchels;  
But stay, He place this border right againe,  
And set it on thy front where it should stand.

*Clo.* Oh sir, He bring the Dukes own barber that shall take  
his

his oath upon a corporall book, that this is a beard and no persiwig: I am he that was overseer of the Dukes worke, and not the faire Dutchess that you take me for, put on your spectacles, and you will see I am nothing like her.

*Mou.* Then she is lost, and I undone withall,

Therefore Ile strip me to the Ivory skin,

And as *Leander* did lively leape in,

My head beneath yon River I will run,

*Neptune* spread wide thy armes, for now I come. *Exit running.*

*Clo.* Oh save the man, save the man, now he flounders, now he flounders, yet he swims above water like a walnut shell, yet he sprawles like a naked frog, yet he strives for life, oh save the man, save the man; but now, now, now he sinks by degrees, now he is swallow'd, now he is choak'd, this is my comfort, he cannot choose but go with a cleane soule to heaven, it will be so wash'd in the water before he come thither. Again, again, again; now he lies still upon his back and floats along with the tide, and now his soule is in the skies, he doth not offer so much as to strive against the streame, but swims as gently down with the tide as may be; but what a foole was he, that knowing he should go so long a journey by water, and the weather so coult too, would leave his cloaths behind him? Well, Ile e'ne take up his scatter'd Apparell, carry them to the Court, and there report what I have heard and seen, the poore Gentleman is well onward of his journey by this time, they had need provide him good store of faggots, for hee'l be monstrously wet when he comes to his Inn. *Exit.*

ACT

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter *MARIA, Florence, Ferrara, Iulio, Prospero,*  
and *Dutchesse.*

*Mar.* **L**ady, I underſtand good tidings from you:  
*Dutch.* From me my Lord?

*Mar.* 'Tis all one Madam, you at length are wonne  
Unto a ſecond marriage.

*Dutch.* Hath *Monteſſo* then told to the Duke  
Of my free grant and yeelding to his love?

*Mar.* Sir, I muſt have you freely reconcil'd  
To the Lord *Iulio* that hath put upon you  
Such ſlanderous imputations.

*Pro.* You my Lord  
Can much with me, but were't for the reverence  
I owe your Grace my ſword had character'd  
My wrong upon his body.

*Mar.* Come, all friends.

*Iul.* My Lord, I yeeld my ſelfe, and here confeſs  
In what high meature I have injur'd you.

*Dutch.* That's too much to receive injury and make ſatis-  
faction too.

*Flo.* He ſlandered you moſt vilely.

*Fer.* Told the Duke  
You were ſafe lodg'd within *Valentia's* Tower.

*Flo.* Made us to giſt the place with the Dukes Guard.

*Fer.* And at the highſt of night ſearch all her Lodgings  
For you and th' Architector.

*Pro.* But who found you?

*Flo.* None but two ſleeping Ladiers, and they faſt

Surpriz'd

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Surpriz'd in innocent dreames.

*Pro.* Was this wrong

To be endur'd?

*Man.* Where the guilt's confest

There pardon is soone purchast.

*Iul.* Ile not beleve

But there's in this some juggling, some strange feat

*Enter Clowne.*

*Clo.* Roome for a bringer of ill news, for one that brings a tale will offend all your noses, and a discourse that will distaste all your cares, who knows this Hat? who knows this Doublet? who knows this Cloake?

*Dutch.* These were Lord Montresors; why my heart, w<sup>h</sup> art thou struck cold with feare?

*Pro.* These were my friends.

*Man.* If I mistake not these belong'd to him

Whom I prefer'd to over-see my works,

What news of him?

*Clo.* You that lov'd him, out with your eyes, and wipe your handkerchers, and as you look upon this Cloake provide for a shower of raine,

*Flo.* Speake, what of him?

*Clo.* He is dead, he is fled, he is not wounded, but he is drown'd, he is gone for ever, for he is leapt into the River.

*Dutch.* Dead?

*Pro.* Drown'd?

*Man.* How came he drown'd? speake

*Clo.* Marry with water, belike it got into his mouth and choak'd him.

*Iul.* There's one gone yet

*Man.* I meane discourse the cause that urg'd him to't.

*Clo.* As I was walking by the Rivers side, musing and meditating on some passions incident to men of my complexion, I spi'd this Gentleman starks staring mad, exclaiming on the beauty of this faire Dutchess, saying, that he runn'd mad for her love; but because he would not be false to the Duke his Master, that put him in trust, he would rather shew himselfe to be no better than a drown'd Rat than deceive him, and so very coun-



rudely casts away his Hat, very dolefully laies by his Cloake, very  
disolately hurles off his Doublet, very desperately leaps into  
the River, and very dangerously gives up the Ghost.

*Pro.* It drives me to amazement.

And I am wrapt in wonder.

*Dutch.* Oh my Fate!

I am of all the most-unfortunate;

He not out-live him.

*Man.* Wherefore doth my Dutchesse

Show in her looks such sad dis-temperature?

*Dutch.* I am lost, there steales a coldnesse through my blood,

The Icy hand of death plaies on my breasts,

And where it toucheth turneth all to earth,

And I am doom'd—

*Inf.* Look to the Lady, see she faints.

*Flo.* How cheare you Lady?

*Dutch.* Ha, am I call'd againe?

Then like a soule disturb'd in her departure,

And kept from rest and downie quietnesse,

Let me proclaim my anguish.

*Fer.* Patience Lady.

*Dutch.* He not be patient, give me leave to drowne—

My soule in brine; and in a flood of teares

Swims to my Love.

*Man.* The Dutchesse is distracted.

*Dutch.* I am so, I am desperate, frantick, mad,

Go call yon Architect from the deeps,

And he shall build a Castle in the aire,

Where we will live together 'midst the Clouds

And laugh at these poore mortals here on earth.

*Inf.* The Ladies mad.

*Dutch.* You are deceiv'd, no I,

Cannot a Lady weepe, mourne, or lament,

Or spend a few teares on a funerall hearse

But you will judge her frantique, pray give leave,

Which of you here can hinder me to weepe?

I am a woman.

*Ch.* I am a man.

*Dutch.* We—

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*Dutch.* Women command tears,  
Then pray let me bestow some on a friend  
If you will dye go hang or drown your selves;  
Ile do the like for you.

*Jul.* Yes, not for me.

*Dutch.* Why should I weep for thee if thou didst so,  
Or thee, or thee, or any dotard here,  
Yet if you please you may go try for me;

He clap at that well-acted Tragedy.

*Cle.* Oh save the woman, save the woman.

*Man.* Follow her *Julia*, see her well attended.

Sure she is Planet-struck, or some ill star  
Hath in her bosome wrought this mutinous war,

*Jul.* Ile see well to her safety.

*Man.* Oh my *Dutchesse*!

*Pro.* These are but womens passions,  
And like a tempest, the more violent tis  
Twill be the sooner blown o'r.

*Man.* So I hope.

*Pro.* Fears not my Lord, perhaps she counterfeits  
To know how you affect her, if in this  
You will compassionate with her, and partake  
In this supposed frenzie.

*Man.* 'Tis like so,  
For if a man may trust a sleeping woman,  
She loves me better the world.

*Pro.* My Lord I know it.

*Man.* Nay, I know it too, Ile never else trust dreamers.

*Pro.* But leaving this, I have a suit unto your Grace,

[*Man.* Speak and prevail dearest friend.]

*Pro.* There is a Spanish Lady, my first Love,  
Who hearing of my residence with you,  
Is travell'd thence to meet me in your Court,  
I have notice that she shortly will arrive,  
My purpose is to feast her in my Lodging  
So lately built, next to your Daughters Tower,  
Where if it please you with these Lords to grace me,  
And taste a homely banquet, I shall say

To you I am engag'd every way.

*Man.* I will not faile thee, nor shall these our friends,  
Wee'l grace the Spanish Lady with our presence.

*Clo.* I have a line to your Grace.

*Man.* Thy busie els Groome?

*Clo.* That for the good news I have brought you I may have  
some guerdon, some remuneration, as they say.

*Man.* This thy reward be, since by thy occasion  
My Dutchess of her best wits is depriv'd,

Wander for ever like a banish'd Crow,  
Till of her sence she be possesst againe.

Dare not so neare our Court. Come Lords, let's in  
To cheere her sorrows, and her fate lament,

But to the man that can her sence cure  
We here proclaim what e're he can demand;

If in the compasse of our populous Land.

*Clo.* Banish, what's that? Can any man tell me what it means?  
let me see; Banish'd sure is some strange language, and for any  
thing I know the meaning of it may be, give him a hundred  
Crowns, or give him two hundred Crowns; and banish'd the  
Court may be come to the Court and there you shall receive  
them; the Duke was not wont to give me such hard words; if  
he had call'd me Regue or Rascall, I had understood him; I had  
had him to a haire, but the word banish'd doth a little stick in my  
stomack; Banish'd? I will go seek out some wise man or other  
to tell me what the the word meanes, and what sum of money I  
may demand of the Dukes Treasurer; Banish'd.

*Enter Montecossio.*

*Man.* Save you sir.

*Clo.* And you my friend, what are you?

*Man.* Sir I profess myself to be a wife man.

*Clo.* Then you are the man that I desire to meet, for I was  
seeking a wife man to tell me the meaning of a strange word.

*Man.* Unfold thy mind; I shall resolve thee truly.

Lye it within the power of humane skill.

*Clo.* Thus Stands the case: The Duke entertain'd a fellow to  
looke to his buildings, and this fellow drownd himselfe; it was  
my fate to bring the newes to the Court, which when the young

Dutchess

Dutchess heard, she grew presently as mad as a March Hare; now demanding reward for my news, the Duke out of his bounty said, he would banish me the Court; now I would faine know what sum of money the word banish'd signifies.

*Men.* It signifies, that if thou dar'st presume To come within the Court gate, thou inour'st The Dukes displeasure, it is present death.

*Clo.* You will not buy my reward sir, will you?

*Men.* Not I.

*Clo.* Then I see thou art a wise man.

*Men.* But is the Dutchess frantique?

*Clo.* He assure you she's a mad wench.

*Men.* And how did the Duke take it?

*Clo.* Oh very discontentedly: and he hath proclaim'd to him that can cure her of her frenzy to have the next thing he shall aske without exception.

*Men.* But art thou sure tis true?

*Clo.* I assure you my friend as true as I am banish'd.

*Men.* That cure Ile undertake, and so prevaile, That I presume my cunning shall not faile.

*Clo.* Now sir I have resolv'd you of all these doubts, can you tell me how I shall bestow my selfe now I am banish'd?

*Men.* I can, I am a stranger in this City, And I professe darke arts, Physick, and Negromancy, And for a need can conjure; but direct me Where I may lodge and freely use my Art, Ile entertaine thee and supply thy wants With all things needfull.

*Clo.* As bountifull as wife, I am for you sir so you will teach me wit, I have seen the Duke and his Court, but never to my knowledge saw a wife man afore, you are the first of the name that ever I look'd on; but if it be nothing but a Lodging you want, trust to me, I can furnish you with that at an hours warning.

*Men.* Direct me to the place.

*Clo.* That I will sir as well as I can, Be you the wife Master, Ile be the wife man.

*Men.* Attend me then, her choise love I have found,

THE END

I made the hart, and I can cure the wound.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Mantua, Florence, Ferrara, and Iulio.*

*Man.* Her fits encrease then daily.

*Iul.* They still grow,

Sometimes her eyes with salt teares over-flow;  
She fills the house with Musique, and then wrings  
Her Ivory hands, she dolefully laments,  
At once expressing thousand discontents.

*Man.* Proclaime to him that can her frenzy cure  
The next thing he can aske.

*Iul.* I shall my Lord.

*Flo.* My Lord leave these discontents to some further leisure,  
we are now at the strange Knights Lodging to give entertain-  
ment to the Spanish Lady.

*Err.* True, we are his invited guests, and it is not fit that our  
grievances should any way appeare to a stranger.

*Man.* You counsell well, behold this is his Lodging—  
And here's the Knight himselfe.

*Enter Prospero.*

*Pro.* Welcome my Lord to a poore strangers Lodging,  
My beauntious Lady and my Love's arriv'd,  
Whose grace I first wonne in a Turnament,  
Bearing the prize from many Knights of *Spain*;  
Please you to grace me at a solemne feast  
Which I prepar'd this day to welcome her,  
You shall do much honour.

*Man.* Knight I will,  
And for thy sake respect her to her worth;  
How dost thou like thy Lodging built so neare  
This Castle where *Valencia* lies inclos'd?

*Pro.* My Lord, 'tis well for prospect and for aire,  
Will please you enter Lords, where be my servants. *Ex. (Hobys)*

*A Banquet.*

*Enter Mantua, Florence, Ferrara, Iulio, Prospero.*

*Man.* Is this the place?

*Pro.* It is my Lord; but I must crave your pardon,  
We want that order, and that entertainment,  
That observation and decorum now  
That longs to your estate and sovereignty,

Yet

# The Cunning Lovers.

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Yet our good thoughts above our power are large  
And tall of zeale.

*Man.* Come, th'art at too much charge.

*Pro.* May it please your Highnesse to possesse your fear,  
Homely your Viands, but your welcome's great.

*Flo.* But where's the Lady?

She should be Mistris of the feast to day —

*Enter Valentia like a Spanish Lady.*

*Fer.* She is not far, see yonder where she comes.

*Man.* My Daughter.

*Flo.* 'Tis Valentia.

*Int.* Sure 'tis Valentia in this strange disguise,  
Or can you once againe deceive my eyes?

*Man.* My Daughter on my life, her eye, her brow,

Her every part; ha, are my eyes my own?

Here hang my keyes, the doores fast barr'd and lock'd;

Nor is she subtle spirit, compos'd aire,

To creep thongh key-holes, or to crawl through chinkes;

Tush, tush, one Lady may be like another,

And my suspect is causelesse.

*Pro.* Let me entreat you

To take your seat, My Ladie's but a stranger,

And unacquainted with th' Italian guise.

*Int.* Observe her well my Lords.

*Flo.* She hath her blush.

*Fer.* Her lip, her front.

*Int.* The right trick of her eye.

*Man.* But is it she, is't possible the Knight

Would be so bold, she so audacious?

It cannot be; come, now I take my place.

*Pro.* In this your Highnesse doth your servant grace.

*Val.* Esba nos de tener dias benediga toda la Compania fiera  
& bien venida.

*Man.* What saies the Lady?

*Pro.* She calls for wine and bids you welcome all.

*Man.* The very touch and accent of her tongue.

*Val.* Signor yo beno an de buen corazon.

*Man.* Her meaning.

*Pro.* She

*Pro.* She drinks to you with a good heart.

*Man.* Tell her I pledge gladly.

*Jul.* Doubtlesse 'tis she, can it be otherwise?

*Flo.* Why spend we time in cups and banquets here,  
When faire *Valentia* must be needs transform'd  
Unto this stranger-Lady.

*Fer.* Still the more  
That I observe her I am more confirm'd.

*Jul.* 'Tis she, some devill or witch elle.

*Man.* When face, and tongue, and each thing proves her mine,  
Why should I doubt to challenge her? He suddenly  
Call on her name, and if she answer to't  
Doubtlesse 'tis she, *Valentia*—no.

*Pro.* What meanes your Lordship?

*Man.* Nothing, nay nothing; see the very Ring  
Upon her finger, I can sit no longer;  
My Lords, I must entreat your patience,  
I have dropt a Jewell as I came along,  
And must find it or it will go wrong.

*Jul.* A Jewell lost.

*Flo.* Let's help his Grace to seek it.

*Pro.* Pray do my Lords.

*Fer.* Some Torches there.

*Pro.* Lights for the Lords, 'twas dropt sure by the way,  
Help him to seeke it.

*Jul.* Look well there in the Rushes.

*Pro.* Haste through the private doore, off with that habit;  
If this passe currant we are past all feare,  
Your Father's gone in post, why do you stay?

*Val.* I have the odds, for mine's the nearer way;

Farewell sweet *Prospero*.

*Exit.*

*Pro.* Seek till your eyes be blind,

You shall lose her though you the Jewell find;

How Fortune smiles upon our cunning shifts;

They are busie all at worke, the Duke himselfe

Is like a Jaylor ginsling of his keyes;

Which serves her as a watch-word to uncase;

If now our plot prove, there depends on this



# The Cunning Lovers

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All our succeeding hopes and future bliss — *Exit Val. above.*  
*Val. Here my Lord.*

*Pro. What, at your Book already?*

*Val. Yes sir, to pass  
 After these tempests for a calmer day.*

*Pro. The Duke's at hand, and seeking how to cross  
 Our loves hath all his Lords left at a loss —* *Enter Man.*

*Man. Body of me she's here; fool that I am  
 Her loyalty to mistrust, or his good thoughts;  
 She being chaste, he honest: how now Lady,  
 What at your books so close?*

*Val. Books are Companions  
 To them who are compell'd to single lives.*

*Man. Thou art raskie 'mongst Virgins —*

*Val. Virgins would be wives —* *Why come you fir?*

*Man. Only my girl to see  
 How well thou farest, thou one day shalt be free:  
 Fare well, in this my jealousie appeares,  
 And this one feare begets a thousand feares.* *Exit.*

*Val. Not without cause, good Father, know you all;  
 But I must down the next way through the wall.* *Exit.*

*Enter Proffers.*

*Pro. By this she's coming, be thou first faire love,  
 Or else our stratagem is quite o'thrown;  
 But it's take place, *Valentia* is mine own;  
 How will the Duke look when he finds her here,  
 And in his heart condemn his needlesse feare!  
 He hath not wit to trace us in our drifts,  
 True love is cunning and hath thousand shifts —* *Enter Val.*

*Valentia.*

*Val. Prince Proffers.*

*Pro. And in your habit too, all succeeds happily —*

*Val. Hark, hark, my Father is at hand my Lord,  
 He keeps my place as if I had not mov'd,  
 Who ever ventur'd fairer where they lov'd —* *Enter Man.*

*Pro. How now my Lord, what is the Jewell found?*  
*Man. 'Twas never lost, I left it in my Coffer,*

*Which*

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## The Cunning Lovers.

Where it was late, 'twas but my jealous fears  
And blind mistake, but now those doubts are past,  
For where I found it I have lock'd it fast.

*Pro.* May it please your Grace to sit.

*Enter Florence, Ferrara, Julia.*

*Flo.* I have loosed my eyes almost blind,  
And yet I can no Jewell find.

*Fer.* Sure if it had been a Diamond, or any stone that had  
had either lustre or quickness, I should have seen it sparkle.

*Pro.* Lords, you may spare your pains,  
The Jewell's found.

*Man.* Lords, seat your selves, and grace this strangers banquet,  
And speake what news is in the City siten,  
For you frequent most.

*Jul.* They say, my Lord, there is a Negromancer,

One of rare art and cunning, that can truly

Tell of things lost, one that hath *Exorcismes*

At his fingers ends; no frenzy, fever, sickness,

But he hath Cordials for, to his large bills,

Pasted on every post, speak in his praise.

*Man.* And where resides he?

*Jul.* Here in the City *Man.*

*Flo.* Some Murtherer he fellow.

*Jul.* It should not seem so.

For he hath much resort, and every month

Proclaims his skills.

*Pro.* I will make trial of him.

To know if my love-lure shall well succeed.

*Man.* Try thy cunning.

*Flo.* He be his Client.

*Jul.* So will I,

And in my depts shew his best skill try.

*Man.* He prove him in the best of Dukes care,

In which if he prevaile his pains shall be

Paid from the best of all his Treasures.

We sit too long longer, we praise thy beauty.

And if in any time thou wilt us out love,

Supper it, crav'd, granted.

*Pro. I.*

*Pro. I shall find time my Lord.*  
*Men. I cannot be at rest*  
 Till I have once more search'd her private Chambers to assure me  
 Of these doubts; stranger farewell.  
 Only my keyes can these sad doubts expell.  
*Pro. Haste, haste to meet your Father in the Tower.*  
 Shorly will come the long expected hours.

ACT V. SCENE I.

*A Table with a Book and Paper set out.*  
*Enter Maria, Clifford and Clamart.*

*Cl. Y*ou see I have purchas'd you a Lodging at the house of  
 mine own flesh and blood, otherwise call'd my Father's  
 now sit, if you do not shew yourself a Master of your Art, or  
 your Crafts-Master, you shall but disgrace your life, and call the  
 reputation of my Fathers house in question.

*Men. Tush,* feare not me, what cannot I performe,  
 A maile of naked ynochas I could bring  
 To dance strange Antiques here, and none but we  
 To be spectators.

*Cl. Oh brave man,* when shall we see this sport?  
*Men. Dost thou love sweet meats?* I have chang'd it now,  
 Against a Christning day, a shewre of haile.  
 To perfect Comets that have serv'd a fast,  
 And I can do't againe, but tush 'tis nothinge knowne.

*Cl. Oh sweet wasp,* here's ooe that by his Art is able to undo  
 all the Confit-makers in Christendome.

*Men. What must dost thou love best?*

*Cl. I love my sword well,* and in case fear of my comes

smile, if it be come in his right likeness, when I have a stomach  
I can eat Capon and Rabbit, but above all meats, not to dissem-  
ble, I love a good peece of roasted beefe.

*Mas.* He tell thee what once I did in Germany,  
There was a hill lay just against the Sun;  
I by my art changed it to perfect beefe,  
Which the violent heat of the Sun roasted as  
Perfectly as any sea-coale fire, and still as it  
Was enough, the Country people came with their  
Sharpe knives and cut it off in slices.

*Cle.* Oh that my journey had laine over that hill.

*Mas.* Now sit a brooke full of cleare water,  
And that I turn'd to perfect vinegar  
For sauce to that roast-beefe, and the small sand  
Was chang'd to perfect pepper: now sir, it  
Was but bringing bread along with them and slicing away  
A peece of the hill, and sitting downe by the Rivers side,  
And there was as good roast beefe, vinegar, and pepper  
As any man in *Mamma* could desire to eat.

*Cle.* This cunning man hath a trade would set any mans teeth  
a waiting thus hath he a stomach. *Enter Peppere.*  
But lo! here come strangers.

*Pro.* If the wife was be as cunning as rumour reports him,  
He know what shall befall me in my love-affaires;  
This, I this, by my directions should be the beefe.

*Mas.* My Cousin the Prince, excellent, He put him  
Into a pittifull perplexity e're we part.

*Pro.* Now will I try whether this fellow have any cunning  
or no, thou learned man of *Mantua* heaven save thee.

*Mas.* Thou worthy Gentleman of *Ferris*, I thank thee,  
Nay, I have given 't you, pick out the meaning of them.

*Pro.* He knows me to be of *Ferris*, yet he should know I am of *Mantua*.

*Mas.* I, and an enemy to the Duke of *Mantua*.

*Pro.* You wrong me sir, I love the Duke.

*Mas.* I, and his Daughter too, pray do you not?

*Pro.* A rare admirable fellow, he knows all, I must colloque  
with him, or hee'll reveale all my secrets to the Duke.

*Cle.* Nay, herein, most learned, I must needs say you erre;  
and

and thought I will not say your devil is a Lep, because I am altogether unacquainted with him, yet is this I must needs tell you he is in the wrong, for this Gentleman is a true *Trojan*, a Knight Errant, and one that hath fought in the *Temple* of adventures.

*Pro.* Indeed I am a Stranger.

*Men.* Indeed you are a dissembler.

*Pro.* My name is *Proff*.

*Men.* Otherwise call'd Prince *Proff*.

*Pro.* The rarest fellow in Christendome; upon my life he knows my very thoughts, my meditations.

*Men.* Come hither you you that can call the *Duke*,  
Make private doore into his *Duchess's* Tower;  
And whilst your Noble Father, good old man,  
Thinks you abroad in travel to see fashions,  
You loyter here about a Ladies love!

*Pro.* Oh wonderful! I never heard so like!

*Men.* Now where's the *Rose* the *Duke* fold on your finger?  
When was the merry making with your friend  
And she two Ladies when they talk'd after supper?

And by that sudden shift deceiv'd the *Duke*?  
Where's the strange Spanish Lady? where's the haunty  
To which you did invite him?

*Pro.* He know's all, all by this light,  
There's nothing left unknown.

*Men.* Here's no roguery, here's no knavery, here's no villany;  
and all confess too, he even, like a good subject, make all this  
acquainted to the *Duke*.

*Pro.* Sweet Conjuror, good *Stephano* spiritus,  
He give thee here a hundred *Duchess's* straight  
But keep my counsell.

*Men.* But if the wise-man will, the foole will not; nay, and  
there be such knaveries in hand, you had better never have let  
them come to my ears, the *Duke* shall know all, all by this hand,  
nay, that's most certaine—trust to it.

*Men.* Stay firch, or he bring you back with a whiffwind.

*Men.* Not I most learned, you shall pardon me; he be no  
Treason for no mans pleasure.

*Men.* Trabes come back.

*Cl.* No such matter, have you such fears? He tell the Duke.

*Men.* You know I will not.

*Cl.* How much will I?

*Men.* The Duke shall know of making of that door.

By which the Prince had free way to the Lady.

You were his Overseer.

*Cl.* No more, sweet Doctor *Fan*, no more.

*Men.* Sirrah, you had better been a door-keeper than a

door-maker.

*Cl.* Then I had better be a sheaf than a knave, Silence noble

Scholler, and I am at thy service.

*Men.* Well sirrah, keep his Counsell and he keep yours, and

whilest I speak a few words with this stranger, do thou watch

there, and looke stedfastly at the kitchen window, for about din-

ner time there will fly in Capons, Pigeons, Figs, Geese, Larks,

Chickens all ready roasted, with every one a knife at his girdle

to cut himselfe up; do but then watch and bring me word when

they come flying in and call me: I will be there.

*Cl.* Oh rare, ready roasted! I would I were a wife man too,

as I shall never bee whilest I live, it is nothing but spreading a

cloth, laying trenchers, setting a fire, providing of bread, and

making platters and sauce ready, and your roast meat will come

as duly every one flying to his own dish and sauce, as Geese in

the evening fly to their own nests; He get him to take our house

with Biskets, to pave the Kitchen with Collards, to make our

Loose walls of Ginger-bread, and turne our Cheese-trenchers

into Wafer-cakes, He watch, but if I bring him word till I

have fill'd my belly, may my girle break.

*Pro.* *Montreuil* would a wife man!

*Men.* I know that's more than ever thou didst look for at

my hands.

*Pro.* Bestrew thee *Go*, thou hast put me into two pitifull,

plagues, first thy death, next for this needles feare.

*Cl.* Not yet!

*Pro.* I thought as surely thou hadst been in heaven

As I know this is earth; smother mad *Go*,

And hast thou gone beyond me?

*Cl.* Now I hope: no, thou wast a *Go* that saw your

holder.

# The Cunnning Lovers.

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*Men.* Be confident for I have cast a piece  
How thou shalt steal away thy Love to Church,  
And make her Father with his own free hand  
Give her to thee in marriage: more than this  
Put strange distances on thy opposites,  
And such as are thy rivals, wouldst thou think  
Me a perfect wife man to contrive this wofl.

*Pro.* More wise than I first knew thee.

*Men.* For this time putt, carely to morrow morning  
Convey *Valentia* through the private doors  
Suted as at the Banquet, next invite  
The *Mantuan Duke* to grace your Nuptials  
In Saint *Lawrence's* Chappell, what remains  
Shall all be mine.

*Pro.* My dearest friend adieu,  
No cunnning head had e're a heart to love. *Exit Kitch.*

*Men.* Harke, some one knocks.

*Cla.* Most prudent.

*Men.* Leave flaring to the Kitch, full anon,  
And let me in these Gallants.

*Cla.* Betnew their hearts for me, belike they heard what  
good cheere was flying towards our house, and now like bold  
guests they are come to bid themselves to dinner. I will let  
them, though I could with them chooke for their paines.

*Enter Verdua, Florence, Inlia, Ferrando.*

*Ver.* Who takes his turne first?

*Flo.* That will I so please you.

*Men.* I know them all, their businesse, their aduises,  
And I shall fit them finely, grave old man,  
My choicest welcome I bestow on you,  
And welcome Lords to all, but first you,  
I know my Lord of *Florence* you affect  
The amorous Lady faire *Valentia*.

*Flo.* Oh marvelous!

*Men.* But you the frantique Dutchess.

*Fer.* Possible.

*Men.* Come, come, I know the import of your thoughts,  
Then to be briase and cut off circumstance,

Harke



Marke you my Lord of *Florence*, do but this,  
 And Ile assure you faire *Valencia* loves  
 To morrow morning most the stranger Knight  
 In Saint *Laurences* Chappell wed his Love,  
 The Spanish Lady, given him by the Duke,  
 Whilst they are buied wench the new-built Tower,  
 In which by Art I will contrive a doore,  
 Which you shall find wide open.

*Flo.* Oh rare man!

*Man.* Through which passe freely, now to blind suspicion,  
 Because you may not be desired or known,  
 Weare some disguise, this paper shall direct you.

*Flo.* Thou most ingenious Art, take this Gold  
 The happy earnest of my future love.

*Man.* Enough my Lord, now waite upon my skill,  
 And now to you, I know you love the Dutchess.

But she is chang'd by sickness; yet my Lord  
 If you will marry faire *Valencia*,  
 Who for your love disdaines the *Florentine*,  
 Ile set you down a course to compass it.

*Fer.* Either will serve my turne, I'm not so curious  
 To tie my fancy to one womans face.

*Man.* Know, through my spirits help, I have digg'd a doore  
 Quite through the Turrets doors, which wall leads straight  
 Unto the Ladies Chamber, take this note,  
 This Paper shall direct you.

*Fer.* There's Gold for Paper.

*Man.* Adieu.

*Int.* My turne is next;  
 I am a stranger to thee, learned Friend,  
 Nor dost thou know my business.

*Man.* No Lord *Julio*.

*Int.* *Julio* I'm call'd indeed.

*Man.* And love that Lady  
 Whom these two Princes tenderly affect.

*Int.* Th'art something neerer me.

*Man.* Ile come neerer yet.

To the two strangers I could tell your name.

# The Cunning Lover.

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Th' one drown'd, t' other Guardian of the Tower,  
But my Art's no accuser.

*Int.* Noble Schollar,

Let this Gold bribe thy art to secrecie,  
And teach me how I may prevent their plots,  
Gaines the Dukes Grace, and faire *Valentia's* love,

*Mon.* This Paper shall do all, peruse it then,  
And let it be your Tutor, so now leave me.

*Int.* with all my art Ile prove thy magick skill,  
And to the utmost what thou plot'st fulfill.

*Mon.* Adieu, you sirrah.

*Cla.* Most judicious.

*Mon.* Follow them with speed,  
Watch them, and when thou seest them next the Tower,

Run to the Duke, and call his armed Guard  
To apprehend these Miners that have digg'd

Unlawfull passage through his high built Tower,  
See them well beaten, and after come to me,

And I will teach thee this rare Negromancy.

*Cla.* Feare not, Master Doctor, first Ile pay my part,  
And after come to you to learne your Art.

*Mon.* Now sir to you.

*Ver.* And what to me sir? thinke not with your tricks  
To draw me in opinion you are wise.

*Mon.* Were not your Grace a man I reverence.

*Ver.* My Grace, what Grace? you'd gull me would you not?

*Mon.* Nor can you gull me most excellent Lord,  
You are *Verona's* Duke, nay, never starr,

For to your care my tongue's close as your heart,  
I know that *Mantua* loves you not, yet know

Your Son serves *Mantua* as a friendly Foe,  
*Ver.* Pardon me sir, I now approve your cunning,

Conceale my being, and expect reward—  
But see the Duke.

*Enter Mantua, Dutchesse and Servants.*

*Mon.* What liberall reprovcr, I perceive,  
You find some matter in this man of note.

*Ver.* Matter indeed my Lord, this is a man

Exceeding many other privacies,  
That are indeed but shadows, counterfeits;  
This man hath naturall gifts joyn'd with his Art.

*Man.* We like your praise, and will our selfe applaud  
His excellence, if by his grounded skill  
He can give ease to this faire Duthers griefe.

*Alon.* What Mortalls can attempt the undertake;  
This is the Lady, and I know her griefe  
Arises from a sullen melancholly;  
She has lost some friend, the sorrow of whose death  
Hath turn'd her sanguine streames of blood to black.

*Dutch.* Black, lo! gone, sunke, fled, adieu, farewell.  
The waves have quite undone peace *Loesbet.*

*Alon.* Tush, I can cure this malady presently.

*Man.* How learned Friend! restore her to her senses,  
And the next thing that thou demand it is thine.

*Alon.* I know the perfect temper of her griefe,  
Which that you may perceive he cure with Art.  
I will raise up the Ghost of him she lov'd,  
So like in all things you your selves shall sweare  
It is the man.

*Alon.* Shall he appeare to us?

*Man.* Here as you all, but sit not, move no foot.  
Take heed you do not question him too far,  
But only heare and see, and stand aloofe.

*Alon.* But will he not fright us?

*Man.* Not a jot;

Looke to the Lady, Ile about my Art,  
And send the Arch-bishop graciously. *Eris.*

*Dutch.* Well, if I see him I will chide him,  
That he shall never drowne himselfe againe.

*Man.* Is't possible this can be done by Art?

Or meanes he to delude us?

*Dutch.* So it seemes, for I shall ne'r more see my Love againe.

*Man.* Sweet Lady be content.

*Dutch.* You see I am.

The sound may give whole comfort to the sick;

Away, your counsell does encrease my paine.

## The Cunning Lovers.

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And I shall ne'r more see my Love againe——

*Enter Monticello as a Ghost.*

*Ver.* He's come already.

*Man.* Lord how like he is!

Would you not swear it were the very man;

An admirable Artift I see he waits the Lady.

*Dutch.* Oh thou deare soule of my sweet Love decess'd,  
Ile follow thee.

*Man.* Stir not, it is the Devill.

*Dutch.* Spirit or fiend, his amorous shape so charmes,  
Did he graipe hell I'd flie into his armes. *Exeunt.*

*Man.* The Devill hath burn her haire, follow and rescue her.

*Ver.* Not I my Lord, your Grace shall pardon me.

*Man.* Oh what black trespass hath she done 'gainst heaven  
That she should thus be hurried quick to hell;  
Now is she hopelesse, past recovery;  
Ile hang that Conjuror.

*Ver.* Condemn him not before you see the event.

*Man.* What can the event be but her utter losse?

Oh my faire Dutchess, if thou perisht thus,

Ile make that base Inchanter curle this day,

For thy lost blood his traiterous head shall pay——

*Enter Monticello.*

*Man.* How cheeres my Lord; did you behold the Ghost?

*Man.* We saw the Devill, but speaks, where's the Dutchess?

*Man.* Safe in my Chamber, where before to-morrow

Your Grace shall see her perfectly recover'd,

Doubt not my Art; but there remains, my Lord,

For you a further business, the strange Knight

Expects the Spanish Lady from your hand

In Saint Laurence's Chappell, whither I promise

To bring your Lady perfectly recover'd.

*Man.* See this done,

And the next thing that thou demand'st is thine.

*Man.* I shall make bold, my Lord, to claime your promise,

*Man.* Claime it and take it.

*Man.* You'll trust her in my Chamber for this night,

For I must physick her.

## The Canning Lover.

*Man.* Do what thou pleasest, it highly shall content me  
Come, let's returne to Court, and there attend  
Of our precedent feares a fortunate end. *Exeunt.*

*Men.* Thou hast no part in that faire fortunate end,  
It 'longs to me, and to my noble friend: Madam

*Enter Duichessa.*

*Duch.* Oh my deare Love how could you so delude  
A Lady that with such intire affection  
And zealous love admir'd and honour'd you!

*Men.* Of that no more; the Duke for this great cure  
Hath promis'd me what I shall next demand,  
I have a boone to aske, I have set on foot  
Many strange plots which must their full effect  
Receive this night, the Prince is to espouse  
The faire *Valentia* by the Dukes free gift.

*Florence, Ferrara, and Lord Iulio.*  
His Rivals, are about their severall tasks;  
Something there remains for me, amongst the rest,  
And you to set out of these confusions,  
We must devise our fortunes to secure,  
And save that love that is so chaste and pure. *Exeunt. Hobbs.*

*A dumb show.*

*Enter at one Doore a Bishop, Mantua, and Verona, fetch Proffyro  
and Valentia. Mantua makes some strange pauses, viewing  
the Lady exactly, at length (recalling his hand once or twice)  
crouch-plights them, and so march even to the Church.*

*Enter Iulia like a Smith.*

*Iul.* In this disguise, who can know *Iulio* now  
Or guess the purpose that I have in hand?  
This Paper tells me I shall find a doore  
Left open to *Valentia's* amorous bed: here I'll wait  
The happy end of my suspicious Fate

*Enter Florence as a Mason.*

*Flo.* So I am fitted so unwillingly  
That I scarce know my selfe, yet as this Paper  
Gives me directions may I find the Doore  
Left open to me, I desire no more

*Enter.*

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*Enter Ferrara a Carpenter.*

**Fer.** A Carpenter I should be, would this Apron  
And Rule bring me to rule in *Mantua*  
By marriage of the faire *Valentia*;  
I should applaud my fortunes, and commend  
The wife mans Art; this can imperious love,  
Whose power hath oft transhap'd the gods above.

*Enter Clo.*  
**Clo.** You shall be thank'd the warrant you, weel teach you  
to take upon you other mens trades before you be fire of their  
Companies; if your Rule at your back will not rule you, we  
will; stand close Gentlemen, and though we find them broad  
awake, let's see if we can take them napping.

**Int.** The doore, according to the wife mans words,  
I find wide open, he enter.

**Fer.** Why pause I being so near?

**Flo.** He enter instantly, but soft, I am prevented.

**Int.** Company, now must I counterfeit to worke.

**Fer.** To shun discovery,  
He see how I can play the Carpenter.

**Flo.** Now to my Masonry.

**Int.** Would I were ten Leagues off.

**Clo.** Upon them Gentlemen, upon them, these be the un-  
derminers I told you of, up with your Poleaxes and down with  
them, see they have broken open a doore already, they shall be  
arraigned of Burglary.

**Int.** Hold, hold, and heare us.

**Clo.** Bumbaste them Gentlemen, curtsiege them bravely,  
heare them alter; pull the Mason with stones, hammer the  
Smith, discover rule the Carpenter, come away with 'em. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Ferrara.*

**Fer.** My Son is married to the *Mantuan* Princesse,  
A Lady of that presence and opinion,  
That it offends me not; but to prevent  
Any offences that may be done to him,  
Or injury to me, I have at hand  
A Royall Army under *Cosmo* charge,  
Our trusty and approved Counsellor,  
To offer War or Peace—the Duke's at hand. *Exit.*

*Floris.*

*Enter*

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*Enter Mantua, Prospero, and Valentin.*

*Man.* How naked is our Traine, that of our Courtiers,  
So few attend this high solemnity?

Where's *Florence*? where's *Ferrara*? where's *Lord Julia*?

That have not seen us given away this

Daughter I feare, for so my eye perswades;

Had I not in these keyes such confidence,

And in the strength of my large edifice,

I should not doubt to sweare, but these I trust,

When servants fail, keyes and stone-walls prove just.

*Pro.* Thrice worthy sir, you have given me such a gift,

Should you impart you Dukedoms large revenue

It could not equal; now your hand is post,

Which both your word and Church-rights have made last.

*Man.* 'Twere best that I returne to see all safe,

And next enquire how my faire Dutchesse fares.

*Pro.* Feare not my Lord, you have committed her

To his protection that undoubtedly

Will see to her recovery.

*Man.* So we hope.

*Pro.* Restore her to her senses and true feeling.

*Man.* We doubt it not.

*Pro.* And aye her thoughts for love.

*Man.* That's all we covet.

*Pro.* I have understood

By those that know him, so much hee'l make good.

*Man.* Then are we truly happy.

*Enter Cleoppe, Julia, Florence, Ferrara.*

*Cle.* Roome for one good Subject that brings three bad Subjects to answer Burglary before your Grace: see here my Lord, here are three fellows that have good faces and are ashamed to shew 'em, they seeme to be sound men, yet see if they do not strive to looke scurvily?

*Man.* What men are these? or how have they offended?

Why do they turne their heads thus and looke downwards?

*Cle.* As if they had stolne a pudding.

*Pro.* These faces I should know, my Lord of *Florence*,

*Ferrara's* Marquess, and *Lord Julia*:



Is this the cost you have so liberally  
Bestow'd to grace our feast? my Bride and I  
Are much bound to you.

*Man.* These the men, perhaps they have some maske,  
If so, let's see't.

*Fis.* Compell me not to answer.

*Fen.* Give me leave  
To blush and be asham'd.

*Inf.* Hell take the Conjuror.

*Man.* My Lords, what meanes this antique? if you have  
Some sport to shew us, pray my Lords let's have't.

*Inf.* So, so.

*Fra.* How well this lute becomes you / troth my Lord,  
Might I advise you, I would still go thus;  
Acquaint me with your Taylor.

*Man.* Is this the newest fashion?

*Inf.* Would I were in the Indies,  
Rather than here.

*Man.* But tell me Sirrah, what meanes this shew?

*Clo.* Call you these Lords? no, they are Loones, they look  
more like Prentices than Princes; these are they that have be-  
leaguured your new Tower, and digg'd a hole through the wall,  
that an Oxe or an Ass, 'blesse us, as big as your selfe may creepe  
through; there's a doore made into your Daughters Tower  
where she was kept, and the doore being left open she is flowne  
away: *Helena* is gone, she is gone, and these are they that had  
their hands in the businesse.

*Man.* *Valentia* gone, and by their practice lost!

*Clo.* By theirs, when they were boring at the hole we took  
them at it with their tooles out, we tooke them in the manner  
before they could put up, and here we have brought them  
to answer before your Grace, that you may freely punish their  
wickednesse that would offer to go to your walls.

*Man.* These injuries severely we'll revenge,  
But most on thee false *Lulia*, for her losse  
Thy head shall pay.

*Inf.* Pox of the Conjuror I say still.

*Man.* Speake, where's *Valentia*, can you tell me?

*All. No.*

*Man.* Then for her losse your forfeit liues shall go;  
Who can aduise me best where I may find  
Her I most loue, and hath prov'd most unkind.

*Clo.* Might I aduise your Grace, I would have you should do  
as Archers do, that when they have lost an Arrow, shoot ano-  
ther after it; so, my Lord, if you have ever another Lady or Mi-  
stis about the Court, shoot her after your Daughter, that you  
may either find one, or lose both.

*Pro.* Good Countell.

*Man.* To him that can reduce her to her Tower,  
Or put me in possession of her hand,  
What grace our Power or Dukedome can command  
Shall all be his.

*Pro.* I take you at your word, see here my Lord.

*Man.* This, this is the Spanish Lady.

*Val.* She that spoke

In Spanish once is forc'd to change her tongue,  
Pardon deare Father.

*Man.* Ha! am I then o're-reach'd? is't possible  
For all my Cost, Charge, Care, and diligence  
A Wenchers wit out-go me? could her subtiltie  
Make way through that which not an Army could?  
What should I say?

*Clo.* Those Creatures that weare smocks  
Will where they love pierce stone-walls, creepe through locks;  
Why thus you see, as well as we, a great man may be gull'd,  
Woodcocks are meat, but not to eat untill that they be pull'd. *Ex.*

*Val.* That private doore, my Lord, I now perceive  
Was made by him.

*Els.* My Lord, remember you  
The Ring you tied upon his finger once,  
Then thinke upon the doore.

*Fer.* You made us tosse the rubies  
And seeke the Jewell, did you? Sprake, what art thou  
That thus hast gull'd the Duke?

*Pro.* I am a Prince,  
And every way thy equall.

*Man. I*

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*Man.* I would to heaven it were no worse.

*Val.* He is no lesse my Lord, receive him thence to grace.

*Man.* Of Whence?

*Pro. Verona.*

*Man.* Mine enemy.

*Pro.* Was't not a friendly part  
To lodge your only child so neare my heart?

*Val.* My Lord, remember he once sav'd your life,  
And even for that deserves me for his wife.

*Pro.* Now as a friend a friendly League I crave,  
Take not away what you so freely gave.

*Man.* I will pause upon't, although it be past help,  
And see what we may punish, what forgive;

But now my only comfort is stor'd up

In the faire Dutchesse, if she gaine her health

And here she comes, I cannot choose but feare

So long as I behold yon Ghost so neare.

*Fer.* That Conjuror

Is a rare Artist that can raffe a shadow

So like unto the Substance.

*Man.* Faire Dutchesse, art thou recover'd, speake?

*Dutch.* Thanke heaven I am.

*Man.* 'Tis well done to have heaven still in thy thoughts  
Being so neare a feind, come from that Devill.

*Dutch.* Feare not my Lord, I am so arm'd with faith,  
And love withall, he hath no power to hurt me.

*Man.* Art thou well?

*Dutch.* Yes my Lord, I am well.

*Man.* Come from him, but art thou very well?

*Dutch.* Very well my Lord I thanks you.

*Man.* Perfectly well?

*Dutch.* So well you cannot wish me better.

*Man.* Come hither then.

*Dutch.* I was of late but ill,

Then give me leave, my Lord, to keep my selfe

Well while I am well.

*Man.* That's with me my Lord.

*Man.* Can the Ghost speake too?

*Man.* Speake,

*Men.* Speake, and talke, and walke,  
Embrace and kisse.

*Man.* I love no kissing Ghosts.

*Flo.* Belceve me, that Magician was a man  
Of rare experience, and deserves great praise.

*Fer.* Had he not say before what he should do,  
That Ghost doth act his part exceedingly.

*Man.* I say come from him, he's a spirit.

*Dutch.* I do not love to do any thing but with a spirit.

*Man.* He came out of hot hell.

*Dutch.* Hee'l make the warmer bedfellow.

*Man.* Further than you have been, be not deceiv'd my Lord.

*Man.* That's far enough already.

*Man.* I am the man I seem, no Architector,  
But Cousin to that noble Gentleman

Prince *Prospero*, of the Duke *Verona's* Court,

That for this Dutchesse love have thrust my selfe

Into this imminent danger, as the Prince

Hath done the like for his *Valentia*;

You promis'd me, if I could cure this Lady,

The next thing I demanded, her I crave,

Whom if I truly merit let me have.

*Man.* I have been gull'd on all sides, nor will I

Put up these injurious wrongs, you both shall dyc

*Enter Ind.*

*Ind.* To arms, to arms my Lord, for I de/cry

A potent Army marching before our walls,

And by their Colours flying they should be of *Verona*.

*Man.* Be they from whence they will wee'l parley them;

Admit their Generall to an interview

*Flourish.*

To know their cause of Arms

*Enter Verona.*

Our Clinick turn'd a Souldier: I

*Pro.* Noble Father I crave your pardon.

*Man.* I the like my Lord.

*Fer.* Stand on our party then while I debate

Our purpose with this Duke; these Armes we levied

With no intent of wrong to *Mantua*,

But to secure our Son, and this his friend,

We do protest it is no worke of ours

That

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That he is married, neither did we wish;  
But since by heaven and fate they are united,  
We rather wish they may their Loves enjoy,  
Than what heaven seems to applaud we should destroy.

*Man.* To plead in Armes is best way to prevaile,  
VVhere still the weak'st must yield; since our own blond  
Hath had an equall share in this our wrong,  
Why should we envy strangers, we will strive  
From the worlds eye to hide this ominous scarre;  
Heaven offers peace, why should we threaten war?  
Each where they love joyne hands.

*Pro.* Our hearts.

*Val.* A sweet Conclusion.

*Men.* And now Madam Ile make you amends for mocking  
you.

*Duich.* Great men are sometimes gull'd, but that's not common,  
You have done more, for you have gull'd a woman.

*Man.* Your Son, *Verona*, and his friend hath much  
Outstrip'd us by their wit, but the best is  
We are not gull'd alone,  
You see your greatnesse is no priviledge  
From those that have quick braines, but now all friends;  
*Verona* we embrace, and thus atone  
All our dissentions, Marriage shall conclude  
What Armes hath menac'd; our united Dukedomes  
Since by this happy fate they are agreed,  
Wee'll strive which most in bounty shall exceed.

FINIS.